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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE weary search for a security formula continues to hold up the work of the Naval Conference, and the growing restlessness of the Conservatives was revealed on April 7th by Mr. G. Locker-Lampson who, in the absence of Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain, and without consulting his Party Whips, moved the adjournment in order to demand that the Council of the League should be consulted before any negotiations on the interpretation of Article 16 took place. In reply, Mr. MacDonald reminded the House of his promise to confer with the Opposition Leaders whenever they should feel it desirable that a question about the Conference should be put, and reiterated his willingness to discuss the position with Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George in person, and Sir Samuel Hoare on behalf of Mr. Baldwin, agreed that the offer should be accepted, and the motion was withdrawn, leaving the House no wiser than before as to the actual course of the Conference discussions. It is clear, however, that they turn, at present, largely on the interpretation of Article 16 of the Covenant, and we discuss this question fully in another column. It must be added that, whatever agreement may be attained on this point, the rigid insistence of both France and Italy on the letter of their previous declarations with regard to Franco-Italian parity seems likely to interpose an insuperable obstacle to a Five-Power Convention.

* * *

Meanwhile, Mr. Gibson, in a broadcast address, has stated that "definite agreement has been reached

between the United States, Great Britain, and Japan." This is a statement of immense importance, for it indicates that the experts have found a path to compromise on the Japanese reservations, and that if the Five-Power Agreement, of which Mr. Gibson still has hopes, should prove impracticable, a Three-Power Convention, at least, should result from the Conference. Mr. Gibson further stated, definitely, that this Three-Power Agreement embraced a complete cessation of Capital Ship Construction until 1936, and the scrapping of nine existing Capital Ships (presumably five British, three American, and one Japanese). He added that the cruiser, destroyer, and submarine tonnage would be "far below the lowest limit which was discussed at Geneva in 1927," but he did not give actual figures. Here, indeed, is the one point of doubt. The reported figures, quoted in our last issue, are such that their acceptance would appear to be almost inevitably contingent on some assurance being obtained, for the next six years, as to the building programmes of France and Italy. Does Mr. Gibson's optimism mean that this assurance has been obtained? Or does it mean that the Convention will include the revision clause to which strong objections have been raised in the United States?

* * *

It is clear, at any rate, that, so far as the Three Powers are concerned, the whole attitude towards naval disarmament has made remarkable progress since 1927. Mr. Gibson appears to be satisfied that, whatever the actual outcome of the Conference, it will have proved a step forward towards general limitation and reduction. The work done in the Technical Sub-Committees

appears to support this view. The latest news is that the thorny question of size of submarine units has been settled by fixing a maximum of 2,000 tons, with a provision (necessitated by the French "Surcouf") that each Power should be permitted to build three larger vessels, which must be included in their total tonnage allocation. The limit is high; but the result is better than at one time seemed probable, and it is becoming clear that—at any rate so far as the first steps in limitation are concerned—the experts are quite capable of solving the technical difficulties, if only the statesmen will agree on the larger questions of policy.

The accession of Japan to an agreement of the kind outlined by Mr. Gibson is no longer doubtful, for the position appears to be that the Cabinet has met the opposition of the Naval Staff and overcome it. Admiral Kato, the Chief of the Naval Staff, drew up a memorandum expressing his objections to the Reed-Matsudaira agreement, and presented it personally to the Emperor. Every member of the Japanese Privy Council has the right of direct approach to the Emperor, and the Admiral's conduct was perfectly correct. It would appear, however, that the Privy Council are not prepared to support the Admiral, for Baron Shidehara, the Foreign Minister, has informed the Press that a treaty embodying the agreement will certainly be ratified. The Finance Ministry has supplemented these remarks by issuing an official estimate that Japanese finances will be relieved of a burden of £66.3 millions if the agreement is made effective. The more influential organs of the Press appear to be rallying steadily to the Government's side, and the *ASAHI* may be said to express public opinion accurately when it states that the Reed-Matsudaira compromise is preferable to unrestricted competition.

After rejecting the idea of further borrowing to meet the outgoings of the Unemployment Fund, the Government have had to reverse their policy, present their third Unemployment Insurance Bill, and take powers to borrow an additional £10,000,000, up to a total of £50,000,000. With a live register of 1,500,000, this sum will last until the end of next January; if the numbers remain at 1,600,000, it will be exhausted by November; while a further increase (which is not improbable, for the latest figure is 1,677,500, an increase of 38,000 on the preceding week) would, of course, exhaust the present borrowing powers still sooner. But for the large addition in the Exchequer's contribution to the revenues of the Fund—amounting to £14,000,000 a year—which was made under the Government's earlier Acts, the present most unsatisfactory situation would be even worse.

The Government are, of course, not responsible for the present state of unemployment. We even doubt whether Mr. Snowden's much criticized refusal to anticipate his Budget statement of policy towards the safeguarded industries has created any important volume of unemployment. As has been repeatedly said, the appreciation of gold, the world fall in commodity prices, and the initial consequences of industrial rationalization are the real villains of the piece. It is true that the Government are responsible for seeing that such further amendments in our system of unemployment insurance are made as may be required to put it on a satisfactory basis; and in last week's debate both Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland and Mr. Churchill agreed that the present hybrid of dole and insurance demands radical amendment; while the relations between poor relief and unemployment insurance are no

less in need of overhaul. But in all this business we must not lose perspective. Necessary as proper reforms unquestionably are, what is now essential is not mere tinkering with unemployment insurance, nor tampering with unemployment statistics, but the framing and vigorous execution of a policy of national development which will both improve our resources and take up slack while industrial rationalization is completed.

In considering our unemployment problem, attention should be given to the striking and important address which Sir Charles Addis recently delivered before the Institute of Bankers. "The appreciation of gold," he said, "has become a serious menace"; and the persistent fall of prices—they have declined by 25 per cent. during the last five years—"is crippling industry and taking the heart out of the business pioneer." While admitting that non-monetary factors have played a part, Sir Charles rightly emphasized the importance of monetary causes. A solution must be sought in economizing the use of gold, a task in which the part of the new Bank of International Settlements is vital. Indeed, Sir Charles Addis regards as the Bank's "most immediately important function" the promotion of the co-operation of central banks which the Young Committee "believe to be essential to the continued stability of the world's credit structure." Provided that the central banking authorities of the world will operate the new B.I.S. according to these sound and enlightened principles and will aim at preventing the continuance of the paralyzing fall in gold prices and at maintaining, not fixed individual prices, but a stable price level, the new institution should prove of inestimable benefit.

Mr. Baldwin in an effort to popularize his inspiring policy of safeguarding, plus a referendum on food-taxes and Empire unity, has addressed meetings at the Albert Hall, London, and the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Every time he speaks he insists that "Food taxes will play no part at the General Election." At Manchester he added: "The only part they can play is if after the election we find in conference with the Dominions that they are prepared to make an engagement or treaty with us which seems to me to offer advantages to our people worthy of being put before them, then that question shall be put before them for aye or no." But Mr. Baldwin is like a tactful hostess with a spoilt child at her side blurting out the awkward truth. While he assures us that "Food taxes will play no part at the General Election," the Beaverbrook Press daily insists that "The taxation of foreign foodstuffs is the corner-stone of our policy." It is bad enough to go to the country with a subterfuge in the face of political opponents, but with indiscreet supporters, or allies, the game is hopeless. It will be interesting to see whether the referendum compromise can survive until the General Election.

One of the events which gave rise a week or two ago to the rumour of a pact between the Liberal and Labour Parties was a luncheon given by Mrs. Snowden to discuss the defence of Free Trade, at which Mr. Lloyd George and certain other Liberals were present. Another Free Trade luncheon was given by Mrs. Snowden on Tuesday, and the guests included Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir George Paish, Lord Arnold, Lord Parmoor, Major Nathan, Sir Archibald Sinclair, and Mr. Runciman. It is understood that a Committee was formed and that an important Free Trade Conference will be held in May. The

London Correspondent of the **MANCHESTER GUARDIAN** states that on this occasion the discussion really did touch the question of Liberal and Labour co-operation. It was suggested, he says, that the report of the Ullswater Commission on Electoral Reform should be speeded up. Any measure of electoral reform would be extremely likely to be rejected by the House of Lords, and it would in that case be necessary for the House of Commons to stand firm for two years in order to force it into law under the Parliament Act. Nothing, as we have remarked before, would be more likely to draw the Liberal and Labour Parties together than a tussle with the House of Lords, and if the question at issue were electoral reform the bond of union would be strong indeed.

A stoppage of work in the Wool Textile Industry is beginning at the end of this week. As a last effort for peace the Union leaders offered to settle for half the reductions in wages proposed by Lord Macmillan. This was emphatically rejected by the employers, and the notices already issued are taking effect as we go to press. The extent of the stoppage is, however, uncertain; 447 firms are said to have posted notices, and 173 have not. The latter, presumably, include those in the districts which have already secured reductions in wages during recent months. It also remains to be seen how far the Unions will be able to hold the men together; only about half the operatives are thought to be in the Unions.

The French Senate ratified the Young Plan on April 5th by the overwhelming majority of 284 to 8, with eight abstentions. M. Tardieu's explanatory speech aroused no excitement or opposition, and was mainly concerned with the exact date at which the final evacuation of the Rhineland should begin. The date originally fixed was June 1st, but M. Tardieu explained that this had been postponed with the consent of both parties. It is common ground between both Governments that evacuation shall start eight months after the International Bank has been founded, and the German Certificates have been deposited in it. There has been delay on both heads, and the eight months have, therefore, not yet begun. As these contentions have been accepted by the German Government, it is needless to make any comment, except that all this constitutes bad news for the Rhinelanders. It does, however, seem regrettable that the speeding up of the demolition of a few old casements and fortifications should also be insisted upon as an indispensable condition, at this late period of the long controversy.

Mr. Gandhi has completed his march to the sea, and has collected salt. To his bitter disappointment, he has not been arrested, but several of his more prominent followers have found themselves in prison as a sequel to their infringements of the salt laws, though they have not been given the opportunity of resisting, "till blood is spilt," the confiscation of salt illegally gathered or manufactured. The use of this phrase in Mr. Gandhi's latest appeal for "non-violent" disobedience is characteristic. Mr. Gandhi continues to exhort his followers to a "war of love" in speeches which appear nicely calculated to provoke violent disorders. His remarkable power of dissociating ideas from facts was further illustrated in an interview with a **TIMES** correspondent, to whom he remarked that he could not see why a declaration of independence should involve the departure of the British Army, whose officers should not be prevented by "false pride" from serving under a foreign Govern-

ment. He added that "if England cleared out tomorrow" he was ready personally to undertake the responsibility of government and frontier defence. He admitted, however, that "even an indigenous Government would find it difficult to run the country without taxes," and that he had not yet worked out in his mind an efficient substitute for them.

The combination in the Mahatma of a persuasive tongue, a fascinating personality, and a reputation for saintliness, with this complete indifference to realities and an apparent incapacity to allow for the effect of his exhortations on people of coarser fibre, make him an extremely difficult problem for the Government of India. Down to the time of writing, their steadfast refusal to grant him the crown of even the mildest martyrdom appears to be fully justified by results. The campaign of mass civil disobedience has begun; officials and police in charge of big, backward districts have been placed in a position of great difficulty and anxiety; but the actual outbreaks of disorder—violent or non-violent—have been on a comparatively small scale, and there are indications that the unsensational end of the march to the sea has had a depressing effect on the Mahatma's followers. Mr. Gandhi still holds the lime-light; in the background, the preparations for the Round-Table Conference go quietly on.

The Nanking Government have definitely declared Yen Hsi-shan an outlaw, and have moved considerable forces on the line of the Yellow River. To all appearances Yen's military position is bad. The Governor of Manchuria has declared for Nanking, and Yen appears to be placed between the hammer and the anvil. It is by no means certain, however, that the Government intend to start active operations. They are desperately embarrassed for money, and banditry is raging all along the Yangtze valley. It is likely enough, therefore, that Chiang Kai-shek will be satisfied, as is reported, with having isolated his enemy. To play a waiting game against Yen is probably more advantageous than to attempt to crush him. He has founded no system of Government which could rival the Kuomintang; his strength has lain simply in his own astuteness, and in the financial resources provided by his honest and energetic administration. Should death remove him from the scene, his provinces would automatically pass, in good order and condition, under the control of the Central Government.

The important feature of the Conference on Birth Control held at the Central Hall on April 4th was its influential and representative character. Organized by four national societies it was attended by delegates from thirty-four public health authorities, fourteen national and eighty local organizations. The following resolution was carried:—

"This Conference calls upon the Minister of Health and public health authorities to recognize the desirability of making available medical information on methods of birth control to married people who need it on medical grounds or who ask for it."

"From the medical man's point of view," said Mr. Harold Chapple, the senior obstetric surgeon to Guy's Hospital, "this request is so absolutely just that I cannot understand why there is any opposition to it." The speech delivered by this authority, and the Conference as a whole was a complete refutation of the extraordinary statement made recently in the House of Commons by Dr. Vernon Davies that "competent medical opinion in this country is definitely opposed to birth control."

ARTICLE SIXTEEN AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

THE address which Mr. Hugh Gibson, the American Ambassador to Belgium, and one of the delegates to the Naval Conference, delivered by wireless from London to America on Sunday was fully reported in Monday's *TIMES*, but has otherwise been strangely ignored by the British Press. It was a most important and encouraging statement, giving, for the first time, a definite public assurance that, if a Five-Power Pact proves unattainable, a Three-Power Pact of the utmost value and significance will be concluded. Probably, the disclosure is considered premature on this side of the Atlantic, but coming from an American delegate it is of the first importance."

The details of Mr. Gibson's statement are discussed in our "Events of the Week." We turn here to consider the issues underlying the search for a "security formula" upon which the chance of an agreement between all the five Powers represented at the Conference depends. It is likely that by the end of this week we shall be confronted either by a new interpretation of Article 16 of the Covenant, or by an admission of failure which may give rise to mutual reproaches. In either case, it will be necessary for supporters of the League of Nations to ascertain where they stand.

First, it is natural to ask why Article 16 should be singled out for discussion. Article 11, as Mr. T. P. Conwell-Evans has shown in an able letter to the *TIMES* of April 8th, has hitherto proved the most effective provision of the Covenant. This Article declares that any war or threat of war is a matter of concern to the whole League, which "shall take any action which may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations." By the prompt use of the authority thus conferred upon it, the Council has again and again prevented hostilities or nipped them in the bud. Why, then, it is asked, should we bother about the "sanctions" of Article 16? These have never yet been used; why not wash them out and thus bring the Covenant into line with the Kellogg Pact? The answer is obvious, and we fear it is conclusive. The Members of the League have not sufficient confidence in one another to feel sure that the Council will always be obeyed and the Covenant never broken, unless it is made clear that the League can and will, in the last resort, enforce obedience. It is at least arguable that in some of the twenty-three cases cited by Mr. Conwell-Evans, Article 11 was effective because Article 16 lay behind it. The French, at any rate, state emphatically that they will not make any reduction in their armaments unless they are assured not only of the moral support but of the armed assistance of other Powers against any aggressor. To this the obvious reply is that such an assurance is contained in Article 16; and an inquiry as to the precise interpretation of Article 16 inevitably follows. The text of the Covenant is probably familiar to all our readers, but it may be convenient to recall the actual words of the Article under discussion:—

"Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13, or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act

of war against all other members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a member of the League or not.

"It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval, or air force the members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League.

"The members of the League agree, further, that they will mutually support one another in the financial and economic measures which are taken under this Article in order to minimize the loss and inconvenience resulting from the above measures and that they will mutually support one another in resisting any special measures aimed at one of their number by the covenant-breaking State, and that they will take the necessary steps to afford passage through their territory to the forces of any of the members of the League which are co-operating to protect the covenants of the League.

"Any member of the League which has violated any covenant of the League may be declared to be no longer a member of the League by a vote of the Council concurred in by the representatives of all the other members of the League represented thereon."

It so happens that Great Britain and the other European Powers represented at the Naval Conference are already committed to a certain interpretation of that Article. In their covering letter to Germany (Annex F) at Locarno, the British, French, Italian, Belgian, Czechoslovak, and Polish Governments wrote as follows:—

"We are not in a position to speak in the name of the League, but in view of the discussions which have already taken place in the Assembly and in the Commissions of the League of Nations, and after the explanations which have been exchanged between ourselves, we do not hesitate to inform you of the interpretation which, in so far as we are concerned, we place upon Article 16.

"In accordance with that interpretation the obligations resulting from the said Article on the Members of the League must be understood to mean that each State Member of the League is bound to co-operate loyally and effectively in support of the Covenant and in resistance to any act of aggression to an extent which is compatible with its military situation and takes its geographical position into account."

That is the meaning placed upon Article 16 by a British Government; it was a Conservative Government, but it is, of course, binding on their successors, and there is no doubt that Mr. MacDonald has it in mind, for he referred to it in the debate on the adjournment on Monday. What further interpretation can be sought or given? One point that is said to have been under discussion is whether the Article should operate automatically or only after a decision by the Council. On the face of it, the first clause would appear to come into force automatically, while the others must obviously depend upon a unanimous vote of the Council, but it has long been assumed that no action would be taken until there had been a recommendation by the Council under Clause 2. The point does not in any case appear to be one of great practical importance, as only the Council could decide whether a State was fulfilling its obligations.

Put realistically, the question to which France has been seeking an answer is presumably this: How would Britain interpret her obligations under Article 16 if

the Covenant were broken by a Mediterranean Power? By the terms of the Article itself, and by those of Annex F to the Locarno Treaty, the answer seems inescapable: the nation which has a big naval base at Malta, and holds Gibraltar and Suez, would be bound to use its Navy to subject the Covenant-breaker to "the severance of all trade or financial relations." In their present mood (to judge by the Press and Parliament) this would seem to the British public an appalling obligation, and one which they would flatly refuse to accept, even if it would secure a substantial reduction of naval armaments by France and Italy. It is indeed confidently assumed that Mr. MacDonald, who seems to have swung to the other pole from his impassioned advocacy of the Geneva Protocol in 1924, would not entertain so rash a project. Yet, if words have any meaning, we are heavily committed by the most sacred of international treaties to at least this measure of coercion. In common honesty we must face the obligations we have undertaken, neither trying to wriggle out of them, nor pretending that they do not exist.

Those of our readers who remember our opposition to the Geneva Protocol will know that we, for our part, have no great love for sanctions. We do not, however, regret, and we never have regretted, the responsibilities undertaken in Article 16 of the Covenant. We regard them as the proper contribution of a law-abiding member of an international community to the common safety. They are made, of course, more onerous by the abstention of the United States from the League. They raise the spectre of a conflict with America over her cherished claim to trade with all belligerents. That is, however, a spectre which may now be laid. If America will undertake to consult with the other signatories to the Kellogg Pact, in the event of that Pact being broken—and her delegates have indicated that she would not object to consultation—then the deed is done. In any case, the spectre, like most spectres, is more apparent than substantial. The Covenant is a realistic document, cautiously drawn, and it provides that all the "Great Powers" shall be permanently represented on the Council, and that the Council must be unanimous before any State can be branded as a Covenant-breaker, or any sanctions imposed. As a matter of common prudence and goodwill, it is obvious that Great Britain would seek the opinion of America before casting her vote in the Council, and we need not fear that any serious conflict between us would then arise.

The application of Article 16 would, of course, vary greatly with the power of the Covenant-breaking State. In the case of a breach of the peace by one of the smaller Powers, the admirable scheme for giving financial assistance to the victim of aggression would probably serve the purpose. If one of the Great Powers were involved, we should have to face a disaster of the first magnitude, but even in that case it would be better to have before us a clear duty to the community of nations than to be adrift in an anarchic world. Article 16 was, however, inserted in the Covenant not to punish aggression, but to avert it, and, wisely interpreted, we believe that it will prove adequate for that purpose.

JEW AND ARAB

By MAJOR H. L. NATHAN, M.P.

THE unequivocal statement made by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons (with the unqualified support of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin) that the British Government intends to retain and to implement in its integrity the Mandate for Palestine has done a great deal to clear the air. For the Report of the Palestine Committee of Inquiry is not a satisfactory document.

In the first place, the Committee have gone outside their terms of reference. They were appointed "to inquire into the immediate causes which led to the recent outbreak in Palestine and to make recommendations as to the steps necessary to avoid a recurrence." They were intended to concern themselves with administrative reforms. They have added to their duties the consideration of matters of high policy. They were sent to examine and report on specific disturbances in Palestine; they have taken upon themselves to discuss the whole mandatory system. One of the chapters in the Report is actually headed—"Difficulties inherent in the Mandate." The subsequent discussion of matters with which the Committee had no official concern leads them to a total misunderstanding of the Balfour Declaration, the charter upon which is based "the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish People." They debate the implications of the Balfour Declaration as if they were exclusively the domestic concern of the British Government.

But the Balfour Declaration was not just an amiable fiat of the British Foreign Office; it was a solemn act of high international policy. It was indeed Lord Balfour who actually made the Declaration, but he spoke not merely for Great Britain, but for the Allies, including the United States. President Wilson had himself scrutinized the document. The Balfour Declaration had, in fact, more concrete reasons behind it than a mere sentimental affection for Zionist aspirations. The Allies were engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Central Powers. In 1917 the issue was still gravely in doubt. Russia had collapsed, Balkan resistance had been crushed, and the War undoubtedly was entering on its most critical phase. Lord Allenby's victories in Palestine afforded the one rift in the clouds. How could they be turned to their greatest advantage? The Allies needed financial support, and they wished to weaken the Jewish element in enemy countries. The Balfour Declaration opened out to them the chance of gaining both objectives. These facts cannot be ignored in an examination of the problem of the Mandate. The general impression is that Great Britain has undertaken unwarrantable responsibilities which are yielding no dividends. It must not be forgotten that she offered to undertake them, and that there was a time when she and her Allies thereby reaped an abundant harvest.

The Committee are so glaringly wrong in their attitude towards the fundamentals of the Palestinian situation, which is no concern of theirs, that one naturally inclines to question more closely their judgment on the situation last August which emphatically is their province. They take what to an outside observer looks like altogether too indulgent a view of the disturbing fact that the Palestine riots caught the British officials unawares. They may be right, but the reason they give for their view is certainly wrong. They begin by conceding that had the Acting High Commissioner and his advisers been convinced of the need for reinforcements to prevent civil disturbances they should have boldly asked for them. Then they make themselves responsible for the dangerous point of view con-

tained in this sentence, "Such a request would scarcely have been palatable to His Majesty's Government, and if, in the event, there had been no disturbances, Mr. Luke might have found his judgment called in question." That seems a direct invitation to cowardice. It will be a bad look-out for law and order in the British Empire if the man on the spot is encouraged not to ask for reinforcements when he needs them for fear lest the event may prove that he could have done without them. It is obvious that the very act of sending for reinforcements may stamp out the smouldering disorder which rendered their dispatch imperative. Mr. Luke may have had every reason to think that a call for help was not necessary last August. But it is fair neither to Mr. Luke nor to any British official to suggest that in not sending such a summons he was actuated or ought to have been actuated by apprehension of personal consequences if the summons proved to be unnecessary.

Absurdly lenient, also, is the view that the majority of the Committee take of the behaviour of the Mufti in the whole situation. They agree that he must accept a share in the responsibilities for the disturbances, but they expressly say that "he had no intention of utilizing this religious campaign as the means of inciting to disorder." It is not surprising to find Mr. Snell dissenting from this point of view. It is incredible that the Mufti did not realize the likely result of the policy of admittedly deliberate annoyance to the Jews at the Wailing Wall. He must have known the combustible nature of religious grievances. A man who enters a hayloft with a lighted match in his hand cannot be acquitted of responsibility for the resultant blaze.

The whole Report has, in fact, a pro-Arab tendency. In their very natural and laudable desire to do justice to the Arab case, the Committee have more than once turned a blind eye to the Jewish claims. This is particularly noticeable in the attitude of the Committee as a whole to the problem of Jewish immigration and land settlement. The Mandate imposes an express obligation on the Mandatory to make provision for Jewish immigration and close settlement upon the land by Jews. No responsible Jew has ever wished that immigration should go beyond the point made possible by the economic situation in Palestine nor to obtain land for settlement save upon the terms of giving full value for it. Yet the Committee are not satisfied with this obviously moderate and reasonable attitude. It is difficult to agree, too, with the majority Report in its endorsement of the local Government's action in refusing to arm the Jews. There are obvious difficulties in a Government that is responsible for keeping order between two races allowing one of them to arm against the other. But at that precise moment the Central Government was failing in its primary task of maintaining order. If the Government could not defend the Jewish minority, they ought not to have withheld from the more responsible among them the wherewithal to defend themselves. There seems indeed in several parts of the Report a curious absence of feeling of responsibility to the Jews. Stress is laid all the time on the need for fair play for the Arab; there is not sufficient talk of justice for the Jew.

The Report, of course, raises far larger questions than the mere solution of existing difficulties. For the Balfour Declaration, it must be remembered, did not merely open the door to Jewish hopes, it unlocked another gateway to India. The position is not unfairly stated in "Palestine To-day and To-morrow," by Mr. John Haynes Holmes (published by Allen & Unwin, 10s.). "The concern of the English," he writes, "is not with Zion, but

with the Empire. Beyond the Alps lies Italy. Beyond Palestine lies India. The highway to India runs, as it has always run, through Asia Minor and the East. In the old days when Turkey ruled this region, it was necessary for England to keep this highway open and secure by diplomatic strategy, military intervention, and occasionally war. Thus Egypt was held in suzerainty to the British Crown, Constantinople protected from Russia, Bagdad denied to Germany. When the War came in 1914 there must be an immediate conquest of these regions. Hence the hurrying of British soldiers to the East! In Palestine, so close to the Canal, there must be a permanent predominance of British power."

There perhaps lies the root of the whole trouble. As a matter of course the British must all the time look beyond Palestine to India. And it may be the British genius for understanding Eastern peoples that gives the Committee's whole Report its Arab tinge. They understand the Arabs in a way they do not and cannot understand the Jews. They have great sympathy with the Arab demands for self-government. "It is our belief," they write, "that a feeling of resentment among the Arabs of Palestine consequent upon their disappointment at continued failure to obtain any measure of self-government is greatly aggravating the difficulties of the local administration." That is probably true. Some form of constitutional Government in due course is inevitable and essential. But it must not come by way of surrender to murder. Jews not unnaturally object to the establishment of self-government at the behest of the Arabs immediately after an outbreak of violence against themselves. Zionists do not mind the Arab getting a vote as long as it is not the result of a Jew losing his life.

(To be concluded.)

NOTE.—As a member of the Jewish Agency, I must make it clear that the opinions here expressed are my own individual opinions, and that no one else has any responsibility for them.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES

THE comparatively smooth passage of the Coal Bill on Third Reading was largely due to timely concessions by the Government upon Report. Perhaps the most critical decision of all was in reference to Mr. Wise's proposal to restore the General Levy which Conservative and Liberal votes had defeated in Committee. If this had been adopted and pressed to a division by Mr. Graham, there would undoubtedly have been a Liberal reaction extending beyond that particular vote. But wiser counsels prevailed, and the amendment was dropped. Further, the Government accepted two Liberal amendments of great importance. The first limited the operation of Part I. to the end of 1932, and the second, by defining and safeguarding the ascertainment of standard tonnage, substantially alleviated apprehensions as to the effects of the quota system.

* * *

Naturally, concessions could not be all on one side, and there were some votes which caused searchings of heart on the Liberal benches. But the justification of the Party's treatment of the Bill lies in its net result. If we had never fought it at all it would have been passed with all its original crudities. If we had fought it to the last ditch we could only have destroyed it, and, with it, all the ideas which we had ourselves contributed. The matter would then have been left to be fought out in the coal-fields instead of thought out in the House.

As it was, the Bill which we allowed to pass on Third Reading was a vastly different proposition from that which we opposed on the Second; and the differences, as Clem Davies clearly demonstrated on Thursday, were largely the result of Liberal effort. The final result does not satisfy Liberal opinion, or indeed any section of opinion in the House, but we have done our best with it.

Inevitably Tories raged and imagined vain things, speaking of Portuguese allies where there had in fact never been an alliance at all. Their attitude was always fundamentally different from ours. The three things which from the beginning we desired to save were Reduction of Hours, the National Industrial Board, and Reorganization of the Industry. And these were the three things which they most hated and because of which they longed to destroy the Bill. Consequently they mustered for the Third Reading debate in a mood of baffled fury directed principally against the Liberal Party.

But Mr. Baldwin is the last man in the world to satisfy passions of that kind. Indeed, when he rose to move that the Bill be read a Third Time upon this day six months he seemed genuinely glad that the traditions of the House favoured so polite a form of rejection. He congratulated Mr. Graham, commended the owners, praised the miners, and was full of admiration for the pluck of Coal in standing up to so many competing forms of fuel. If he had remembered the pit ponies he would doubtless have congratulated them too. Even when he came to the Liberals it was in sorrow rather than in anger that he chided them for allowing the passage of a Bill which violated the sacred principles of Free Trade. This reproach, it must be admitted in passing, was not only tender but true. But the illogicality is not all on one side. On the one hand, there is Willie Graham, whose middle name is Cobden, sponsoring indirect Protection, with the Liberal Party holding aloof like Gallio; and on the other there is Stanley Baldwin, ready himself to tax the dog's bones and the canary's bird seed (after a referendum, of course), holding up his hands in horror because other people are putting his own pernicious principles into practice. Which is all rather confusing.

Mr. Ben Turner, anticipating Mr. Lloyd George's subsequent description of him as a wireless beam, revelled in the ether of peace and goodwill, but it was so much poison gas to the bloodthirsty Tories. Mr. Culverwell gave them just a taste of what they wanted, and they were licking their lips, when the Liberal leader himself came into the fight. In three minutes the whole situation had changed and the chief Tory Whip was standing at the box (I had almost said in the dock) to defend himself and his troops against charges of cowardice and desertion. His excuses were blandly accepted for himself, but contemptuously rejected for his followers. It was not only an amazing piece of Parliamentary dexterity, but incidentally a complete vindication of the Liberal attitude. Sir Robert Horne fought back valiantly, but the initiative had definitely passed from his side, and even so skilful a debater as Sir L. Worthington-Evans was unable to restore it. Interest flickered up again for Mr. Graham's final speech, for the whole House were anxious to show their respect for his great feat in steering his battered ship almost unaided into port. The division was a foregone conclusion, and the attempt to make a scene of it fell flat.

Miss Bondfield could not and did not complain of the tone of the debate on Unemployment Insurance. Everyone tried to be helpful, and Mr. Graham-White in particular made a masterly and constructive speech.

Winston seemed almost embarrassed when he rose to wind up his side of the debate. Philip Snowden has gone on strike, and he feels like Damon without Pythias, Swan without Edgar, or Massa Bones without Massa Johnson. Maggie Bondfield is to reply, and that cramps a fellow's style. Cannot very well call a lady "crapulous and dictatorial." And then there is that letter he wrote to the *Times* ridiculing the Empire Crusaders. It was a brilliant letter, and he loved writing it; but, after all, he is still a member of the Band of Brothers, and it was hardly tactful to suck a lemon in front of it; bound to infuriate the wind-instruments; Brother Remer (bassoon) and Brother Dixey (piccolo) are probably seeking for his blood. Well, here goes! Must get a cheer from somewhere. Try the Socialists. Makes tentative gesture towards non-contributory system (rapturous applause from opposite). Getting on well, after all. Suggests method of dishing up Unemployment figures so that they will sound quite harmless (eagerly accepted). Sits down with that Council-of-State feeling. Gloomy faces and shaking heads behind him. Never mind: there is still one party that he has not held office with yet.

The discussion on the Army Act centred as usual round the subject of the death penalty. It is refreshing to observe that these debates grow more sensible and humane every year. Appeals to "military opinion" grow less confident now that it is realized that (in Ernest Brown's words) "there are six million people in this country who have a right to military opinion." We have now abolished the penalty for all offences except mutiny and treachery, for it may be presumed that the other exception, which Socialists inadvertently carried against themselves in Committee by crying No when they meant Aye, will be eliminated on Report.

The debate on the Second Reading of the Housing Bill is not yet concluded as I write, but the striking personal triumph of Miss Megan Lloyd George can be immediately recorded. She was already recognized as one of our most brilliant platform speakers, and now showed that she possesses a perfect Parliamentary manner, and that indefinable personal touch which alone can rivet the attention of the most critical audience in the world. By a pleasing coincidence Mr. Malcolm MacDonald made a very successful debut on the same day.

ERIMUS.

THE REALISTS

THEY sit around the Conference board,
Austere, hard-headed men;
So practical they can't afford
To let their mind or pen
Be influenced by the vague appeals
Of visionary people with ideals.

Their clear, cold eyes are fixed on facts,
Which mean, as each repeats,
Not probabilities, or Pacts,
But ratios in fleets.
"Twixt life and death the fatal line
Is drawn at seventy, or sixty-nine.

On "splendid isolation" bent,
They won't, of course, increase
The danger of "entanglement"
In plans for keeping peace.
"Tis quite irrelevant, they've said,
That war, when it breaks out, is apt to spread.

Grimly intent on their desire
To find effective ways
To minimize the risk of fire
When once the home's ablaze,
They've little time to think about
Measures to keep the fire from breaking out.
MACFLECKNOE.

THE GOVERNMENT'S HOUSING BILL

By E. D. SIMON, M.P.

THE only comprehensive report which has been published on the slum problem in recent years is "A Policy for the Slums,"* being the Report of a strong non-party Committee of the National Housing and Town Planning Council. This Report came to the conclusion that the essence of the slum problem was the building of new houses at rents which the slum-dwellers could pay. It pointed out that every employed man could afford the rent of an adequate house so long as he had no children, and that the problem, therefore, was the provision of family houses. It found that a family house of good standard could to-day, if economically built, be let for a gross rent of ten shillings per week. Unfortunately, many local authorities are still letting their cheapest family house for twelve or thirteen shillings; for instance, Manchester lets no family house for less than 13s. 6d.; the average size of family in their houses is only 3.9 persons; if they could all be induced to follow the example of Nottingham, which lets an excellent house for ten shillings, a large step would be taken towards the solution of the slum problem.

But the unskilled labourer with a family, although he needs the same house, cannot, on the average, afford more than seven shillings gross rent. The Committee held that a large supply of seven-shilling houses was essential, and was forced, though with considerable reluctance, to recommend a system of differential rents. After much consideration it unanimously reported that the most economic way to provide these seven-shilling houses was by means of a system of children's rent allowances, under which there would be a rebate on the rent for a large family of, say, a shilling for each child.

Having these facts in mind, what is the task before the Government? Their Bill to be successful must secure two objects: (1) that a large number of houses shall be built at about seven shillings gross rent; (2) that the local authorities shall arrange for these houses to be tenanted by large poor families from the slums.

The debate on the Second Reading in the House of Commons was mainly interesting because of the unanimous desire to do something drastic about the slums. The question of the cost which the building involves was hardly even referred to. The debate was also important on account of the unanimous appreciation of the fact that success depended on the building of low rental houses.

On the other hand, it was disappointing because very few speakers discussed the Bill at all; they simply assumed that the Bill would do the job. This was no doubt due to the fact that the question of housing rents and subsidies is complex and technical. So much so that it is impossible to explain the Bill and to consider its possible results at all adequately in an article of this length.

The new grant is equivalent to ninepence per week per person displaced from the slums as against the present Wheatley grant of half a crown per house. At first sight, this would seem to be practically a children's rent allowance, but it is further controlled by the following words: "The contribution shall not exceed the number of persons for whom accommodation has, with the approval of the Minister, been rendered available."

This leaves the whole matter in the hands of the Minister. If he chooses to say, as Mr. Greenwood indicated that he would, that for every five persons removed a family house must be built, then the subsidy simply be-

comes a grant on exactly the same basis as the Wheatley grant, amounting to five times ninepence or three-and-nine per house. In that case, the sole novelty about the grant is that it is only available when a given number of people are moved out of the slum; a quite useful innovation.

In these circumstances, there will be no new incentive to the local authorities to house large families. It is to be hoped that the Minister will accept the other interpretation, that is to say, that he will not fix a definite ratio between houses and families, but if, for instance, a family of seven is removed from the slum into a new house, seven grants will be available for that house. In that case, a much lower rent can be charged; the Bill would have the effect of a children's rent allowance scheme, and would provide a strong incentive to local authorities to draw the large families out of the slums into their new houses.

There is no doubt that the Bill is actuated by a genuine desire to deal effectively with the slums. There are many useful provisions, which cannot be dealt with in this article, for accelerating the procedure of slum clearance, for giving more freedom to local authorities, and, in other ways, for speeding things up to a certain extent. And the additional grant is certainly a step in the right direction, and will be a real help to those towns which are already building a ten-shilling family house to occupy themselves seriously with the problem of slum clearance.

But, like much of the previous legislation of this Government, it suffers from excess of moderation and caution. Let us consider the effect on a town like Manchester, which lets its family houses for 13s. 6d. If we look at the Financial Memorandum to the Bill, we see it suggested that one hundred thousand persons are to be displaced from the slums each year. That means that, if Manchester gets its full share, something over two thousand persons will probably be displaced, and will require four hundred family houses. Half of these would be let at 13s. 6d., and half would be reduced by the new grant to 11s. 6d. In other words, the benefit of this Bill to Manchester would be two hundred family houses to be let at 11s. 6d. a week instead of 13s. 6d.! Anything more miserably inadequate, even as a beginning, to the solution of the Manchester slum problem can hardly be imagined.

The one big thing about the Bill is that it introduces, for the first time, the principle of differential rents, which is vital to an economical solution of the slum problem. It accelerates and simplifies the procedure of slum clearance. If the cost of building or the rate of interest should drop substantially during the next few years, the Bill may provide the necessary machinery for the final solution of the slum problem. If costs remain as they are, or increase, further legislation will certainly be necessary.

THE NEW INDUSTRIALISM IN OPERATION

IT is indeed a strange trick of fate that has brought about the present contradictory state of affairs in two of our leading industries. The Joint Industrial Council for the wool textile industry, after protracted negotiations, has failed to reach agreement upon the question of reduced wages. The outlook at present is very grave; the employers have refused to accept arbitration; the operatives have rejected wage cuts, and a stoppage has begun. Contrasted with this lamentable situation, recent events in the printing industry read almost like a dream. At the Annual Convention of the Joint Industrial Council of the Printing and Allied Trades, the chairman stated that the

* P. S. King & Son, Ltd., 6d.

results achieved by the Joint Industrial Council during the ten years of its existence had more than justified the hopes and aspirations of those who had assisted in its formation, while voluntary conciliation was becoming so well established as a habit within the industry that the possibility of any serious stoppage was "exceedingly remote."

The Printing Trades Joint Industrial Council has just completed its tenth year's work. Formed in 1919 as a result of the Whitley report on industrial relations, the Council represents some 250,000 workers, and consists of seventy members, thirty-five representing the two employers' associations and thirty-five representing the seventeen trade unions concerned. Besides dealing with questions connected with wages and disputes, the Council has made a thorough examination of the health problems peculiar to the printing trade, and attempted to secure the proper training of apprentices. This work is mainly done through committees, of which there are nine, all of them joint, with an equal representation of both sides. District Committees, with precisely the same power to deal with disputes as the national body, have also been set up in all large centres.

Under the constitution of the Printing Trades Joint Industrial Council, "no strike, lock-out, aggressive or coercive action" is permitted to be taken until the matter in dispute has been considered by the District Committee or National Council. A small Conciliation Committee, selected from the two panels of the Council, deals with disputes referred to it by a District Committee or other negotiating body. Although the decisions of the Conciliation Committee do not bind the disputing parties, they have only been disregarded in two cases out of forty dealt with in ten years. The report just issued by the Council states that the conciliation machinery "continues to prove effective."

The constitution of the Council, of course, was violated in the General Strike, but at the first Council meeting held after the stoppage not one recriminatory speech was made, both sides being equally determined to forget the past in the vital work of re-creating the Council. The same spirit was manifest throughout the industry, and very few workers were victimized for having taken part in the General Strike.

The health of employees can be improved by propaganda and investigation, and the Health Committee appointed by the Council has been busy doing both. Leaflets explaining the methods of combating lead poisoning have been circulated in the various workshops, and already as a result of this there has been a marked diminution in the number of cases of lead poisoning. The Health Committee has also been responsible for the introduction into the industry of a process which dispenses with the use of bronze dust in printing, and a new type of metal dross container for the foundry.

The many problems connected with apprenticeship and technical training of young workers have been the subject of inquiry by another Committee. Better facilities have been secured for the efficient training of apprentices, and many District Committees are now co-operating with local education committees in order to render technical training more complete and easily available to apprentices and potential apprentices.

Shortly after the General Strike the Joint Industrial Council decided to make investigation into methods of advancing the industry with a view to giving better service to the consumers of printing and improving the position of those engaged in the industry. The Committee appointed was representative of all sections, and a first report issued last year was a truly remarkable document,

for it revealed a surprisingly large measure of agreement on matters which hitherto offered no solution. All the proposals recommended had been referred to the employers' organizations and to the several trade unions, and unanimously approved by a fully representative meeting of the Joint Industrial Council.

The things suggested as most likely to improve the status of the printing industry were improved earning capacity, increased employment, avoidance of slack periods, and reduction of the cost of printing or improvement in the quality so as to create greater demand. To this end employers were urged to adopt more efficient methods of organization and production, and to install modern time-saving machinery in their works, the employees to co-operate in the use of these methods. A further proposal favoured the formation of Works Advisory Committees in all offices where the number of the employees makes it practicable. These Works Committees would be the natural and proper channel through which the workers could ventilate grievances and make suggestions for improving the amenities of the factory, employees making suggestions which are adopted by the management to be suitably rewarded.

The change of thought and improvement of conditions in the printing industry can be attributed to the formation of the Joint Industrial Council. The success which has attended the efforts of the Council is due to the whole-hearted co-operation of both employers and workers, and the frank and open manner in which the various problems have been discussed. To-day, the whole industry believes in the efficacy of the Joint Industrial Council satisfactorily to settle differences without either strikes or lock-outs. An incident just reported from Bristol well exemplifies the truth of this statement. The local Branch Secretary of the Typographical Association (the largest of the printing trade unions), in reply to a suggestion from the Executive Council of the Association that a difficulty at a certain office could be dealt with by joint action with other unions, stated that whilst the offer was appreciated, his committee considered it would be better to place the matter before the Conciliation Committee of the J.I.C.

Undoubtedly the most satisfactory feature of the J.I.C. movement in the printing trade has been the wonderful way the trade unions have supported the scheme. Judging from the following paragraph which recently appeared in the official organ of the Typographical Association, this support has not been regretted:—

"While not desirous of surveying the industry over the past twelve months, this much must be patent to each and all of us, that in the general absence of friction, and the consequent even flow of relationships as between both sides of the table, there is something unique and outstanding. It is easy to look out and around, comparing this and that phase in the industrial arena, and then to centralize thought in matters purely printing, to realize just how productive of good our Joint Industrial Council has been."

This is the "New Industrialism" established in the Printing Trade. The present moment finds the Joint Industrial Council desirous of extending its influence over the industry, and contemplating a line of development very similar to the one outlined by the Liberal Industrial Inquiry in "Britain's Industrial Future." The main demand of the Council is for statutory powers to make its decisions that have been adopted by a majority vote of each side operative over the whole industry, and the compulsory formation of Works Advisory Committees. The Liberal Industrial Policy provides for the legal sanction of majority decisions of Joint Industrial Councils under proper safeguards, and the establishment of a statutory

Works Council in every concern employing more than fifty persons.

Black and threatening clouds hover over many of our large industries, and like two great armies Capital and Labour prepare for further conflict. The one bright spot upon the horizon is the printing industry, where the sword has been sheathed and use made of weapons that achieve their purpose without imposing hardships upon anyone or retarding the chances of trade revival. Now is the time for other industries to abandon warlike tactics, and to consider their problems in a new spirit of conciliation and co-operation. Failure by employers or workers to take full advantage of this opportunity will only lead to a succession of futile strikes and lock-outs, with disastrous results to trade and employment.

STANLEY CHADWICK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"ADMINISTRATIVE JUSTICE"

SIR,—I notice in the current issue of *THE NATION* a letter from Mr. H. D. Ziman containing an elaborate and misleading attack on the evidence I gave before the Donoughmore Committee on the constitutional powers of Ministers of the Crown.

The first part of his letter develops the statement that Administrative Justice "is most likely to be recognized for what it really is by lawyers." This is extremely doubtful, having regard to the fact that lawyers are the very persons whose prestige and economic interests are most seriously affected by the newer constitutional developments denoted by Administrative Justice. Mr. Ziman goes on to suggest, however, that there are many "thoughtful persons remote from the practice of the law" who wonder whether lawyers are not right when they regard the exercise of judicial functions by Ministers of the Crown as mere displays of official despotism, or what Lord Hewart calls administrative lawlessness.

If one starts from this highly prejudiced position without regard to the facts as they actually exist, the rest of the conventional argument follows easily. If, however, one approaches the question with an open mind, free from preconceived notions, then that, according to Mr. Ziman, is to be a "defender of official despotism," or, to use another of his graceful epithets "one of the die-hards of State Socialism."

The remainder of Mr. Ziman's letter is occupied by a long argument in which he first assumes that the case for Administrative Tribunals rests on the cheapness and rapidity with which they are alleged to do their work, and then endeavours to prove that they cannot possess these qualities.

I do not propose to deal with this part of his letter at length. It is a fact that administrative tribunals are cheaper to the parties concerned than the Courts of Law. But I expressly contended in my evidence before the Committee that the need for cheapness and speed are not sufficient by themselves to justify the setting up of an administrative tribunal. The case for Administrative Justice rests on far more important considerations, as I have shown in my book "Justice and Administrative Law."

I suggest it would be well worth while for Mr. Ziman to investigate the working of Administrative Tribunals from a practical point of view and to abandon the flood of rhetoric in which he is at present submerged. Furthermore, if he would look at the development of the *Conseil d'Etat* in France he would find that an administrative tribunal is not only capable of taking an impartial view of the rights of the citizen, but may even insist on the responsibility of the State to an extent at present unknown in this country.

Mr. Ziman mentions the case of the Income Tax officials, but he entirely misses the conclusion which should be drawn from our experience in that connection: namely, that the most tyrannical department of government may be the one which threatens the subject, not with Administrative Justice,

but with litigation in the Courts of Law. As you truly suggest in your editorial note on March 15th, what we need to be protected against is the threat of litigation by the Inland Revenue, which is known to be an effective method of crushing opposition to income-tax demands.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM A. ROBSON.

3, Temple Gardens, Temple, E.C.4.

April 3rd, 1930.

SIR,—In his admirable review of Mr. Muir's "How Britain is Governed" Sir Maurice Amos admits the growth of bureaucracy. But, unlike Mr. Muir or the Lord Chief Justice, he is no more perturbed than you are yourself. The Englishman, he says, "positively likes to be managed."

Perhaps he is right. Many of us are willing to allow Civil Servants to make certain decisions affecting ourselves and our property. But why should they not be bound to apply ascertainable principles and to give their decisions only on the tested evidence of all interested parties? And, what is more important, why should we not be able to appeal against their decisions to some Court of Law? These are the clear questions asked by the Lord Chief Justice; and they have not been answered. He has no particular quarrel with administrative law, it is "administrative lawlessness" that he rightly condemns. His view is that, if we give power to the Civil Service, we should at least not allow it to be, as it is, a "new despotism."

Under the present system there is always the risk of unintended unfairness. And, as Lord Hewart makes plain, there is also another and more serious danger. No doubt all existing Civil Servants are as blameless as we wish them to be. But where decisions may be arbitrarily given and can nowhere be challenged, corruption may enter.

Sir Maurice Amos truly says that, in the absence of "evidently iniquitous acts," mere risks and dangers do not terrify us much. But is it really prudent to refrain from removing a danger merely because it has not yet been realized?—Yours, &c.,

REX KNIGHT.

The University, Aberdeen.

April 5th, 1930.

BIRTH-CONTROL METHODS

SIR,—In your article on "Population and Birth Control" (page 882, March 29th, 1930) you say "the discovery of a simple and effective contraceptive method will incalculably decrease the misery and increase the happiness of mankind."

It would appear that such a contraceptive has already been discovered. I refer to the "intra-uterine silver ring" method, which has been used in Germany in some thousands of cases during the past eleven years. One German gynaecologist alone has applied it in eleven hundred women during that time. I heard of it as long ago as 1926, but took nearly three years to convince myself of its efficiency and harmlessness, for on purely theoretical grounds I mistrusted it. It has been in use in this country only since last July, but up to the present the English experience serves to corroborate the claims made for it by its German and Russian advocates.

Three papers about it were read at the Contraceptive section of the International Congress of the World League for Sexual Reform in London last September. Since then a number of doctors have been using it in their private practice, and it has been available for the poor women who attend the Cromer Street Birth-Control Centre (59, Cromer Street, London, W.C.1), where some eighty cases have already been dealt with in this way.

The method requires the fitting of a small apparatus by a skilled medical man or woman who places it in position in the body. Here it remains untouched for the space of a year, after which it is removed and replaced. It depends on the skill of the doctor, not on the skill, intelligence, or care of the woman herself. It demands none of the repeated accessory manipulations which some women seem to find too difficult or too inconvenient or too tiresome.

Cases have been observed carefully for a period of ten years, and careful investigations made by gynaecologists, pathologists, and biological chemists, to determine the effects

of the method on the human body. The results have been completely satisfactory. No inflammatory, septic, or malignant changes have been observed, not a single case of pregnancy has been reported during the wearing of the ring, and after its removal fertility is undiminished.

There are certain contra-indications which may render a woman unsuitable for the use of this particular method. But for the vast majority of women it seems a great advance on any contraceptive method previously known to us.

Unfortunately we have not yet discovered any method that can be made available by a penny-in-the-slot arrangement; nor do I think it likely that we ever shall. But why should we expect to? Many people make a curious demand for *perfection* in the matter of contraceptives. They will apparently be satisfied with nothing less than an absolutely fool-proof method, which can be used by a person without intelligence and yet yield 100 per cent. of success. It must not entail a visit to a doctor; the woman must be able to choose it herself without a special fitting; it must require no expense, no manipulation, no need for cleanliness, no care or trouble of any sort. It must under no conceivable circumstances be able to cause any harm. But why this sudden clamour for perfection exclusively in the matter of contraceptives? We do not demand it concerning spectacles or false teeth. We never hear complaints that spectacles are entirely unsatisfactory, because a person with defective sight cannot go to a shop and pick out for himself a pair which will suit his eyes perfectly. Nobody derides the dentist because he has not invented stock sets of artificial teeth from which the patient may choose a set for himself without any sort of fitting by an expert.

I suggest that some of the contraceptives already available, and particularly the silver ring method, are quite sufficient to offer a reasonably satisfactory measure of control of fertility, if put within reach of the poor as they already are of the rich. And in the meantime the research workers can go on looking for something better. *But we need not wait until they have found it!*—Yours, &c.,

NORMAN HAIRE.

127, Harley Street, W.1.

April 2nd, 1930.

SIR,—In your very interesting article "Population and Birth Control" (March 29th), you say that Mrs. Florence's report "is a disquieting admission of the difficulties and limitations of birth-control technique," and you assume that "contraceptives at present available are neither so simple nor so certain as they have been represented."

May I point out to your readers a vital point that appears to have escaped Sir Humphry Rolleston and yourself, that the value of such a record of the results of clinical instruction depends chiefly on the *quality* of the instruction, and this book reveals itself as work by amateurs dabbling in a technique in which they were not trained. It seems to those who have an extensive experience of birth-control technique rather surprising that three hundred cases (more than half of which are acknowledged failures) should be made the subject of a large book, when contemporaneously there exist not only the tens of thousands of cases dealt with satisfactorily by other and more experienced Clinics, but the hundreds of thousands of women who find contraceptive technique so easy to apply that they did not need to go to any Clinic at all!

The analyzed report of the Ten Thousand Cases at the C.B.C. Pioneer Clinic (which was sent you for review a few days ago), shows that the percentage of abnormal, injured, or difficult cases coming to the Clinic for advice are now nearly half the total number, so that "Clinic cases" cannot be held to be representative of normal users of birth-control methods. The Cambridge results are much less a reflection on the *methods* than on the lack of training of those who professed to give instruction.

When the blind lead the blind both fall into the ditch.—Yours, &c.,

MARIE C. STOPES,

President, Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress.

108, Whitfield Street, London, W.1.

April 7th, 1930.

THE "TIMES" AND BIRTH-CONTROL

SIR,—Will you permit me to use your columns for a purpose for which, I think, the columns of most other papers will be closed?

You announced in your issue of the week before last that there would be a birth-control conference in London last Friday. The conference, I understand, occurred and was well attended. Owing to ill-health I was not at the conference, and was dependent on reports in the newspapers I normally rely upon. The fact that this well-attended, significant conference took place seems to have been deliberately suppressed in the *TIMES*. Nothing about it was reported; not even the speeches, the debates, or even the views of those who share the *TIMES*' attitude of opposing this reform.—Yours, &c.,

R. G. RANDALL.

The Hollies, Snelsmore, Newbury.

April 7th, 1930.

D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—Mr. T. S. Eliot duly entangles me in his web. He asks what exactly I mean by "greatest," "imaginative," and "novelist," and I cannot say. Worse still, I cannot even say what "exactly" means—only that there are occasions when I would rather feel like a fly than a spider, and that the death of D. H. Lawrence is one of these.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. FORSTER.

Reform Club, S.W.

SIR,—Mr. T. S. Eliot, in your last issue, finds fault with Mr. Forster's claim that D. H. Lawrence was the greatest imaginative novelist of our time.

That the statement is reckless (and the provocation great) few would deny, but is not the true conclusion that the moment of death when perspective is inevitably blurred is not the time for making literary judgments at all?

The flowers on the grave will soon fade, and then in a calmer, less personal atmosphere reason can appraise with some prospect of reaching the truth.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ADAMS.

Reform Club,

Pall Mall, S.W.1.

April 6th, 1930.

FLOGGING

SIR,—In your issue of the 22nd ult., "A Mere Liberal" revives the memory of the late Mr. Justice Day in connection with the controversy on flogging. He claims that, according to statistics, the use made by that Judge of the "cat" failed to produce its effect. A friend of mine called my attention to the letter and urged me to reply to it; but as my knowledge of the subject was somewhat indefinite, I wrote to one or two others likely to possess more exact information. One of these, who has had the advantage of working in Liverpool with intervals for at least a decade, since the beginning of this century, answers as follows: "Against the doubtful case from statistics is the personal testimony in the North both of the police and of the general public, endorsed by thirty years of tradition, attaining its maximum intensity in Liverpool, which holds Sir John Day's name in honour as the one man who saved that city from the curse and plague of 'garrotting.' No statistics count against that personal verdict of an entire community through so long a period." The other replied in a similar strain.—Yours, &c.,

A. F. DAY.

April 3rd, 1930.

MACFLECKNOE EXPLAINS

SIR,—Will you grant me an inch of space to explain that the first line of "Mr. Hearst Tells the World," in your issue of last week, did not represent my intentions? The accidental insertion of the "Mr." may have mended my manners, but certainly ruined my scansion!—Yours, &c.,

MACFLECKNOE.

THE HANS ANDERSEN FESTIVAL

THIS year is the 125th anniversary of the birth of Hans Andersen, and Denmark is making merry. On April 2nd all the school children of Copenhagen performed plays and tableaux based upon his work, and afterwards marched to the Town Hall for a fairy feast of chocolate and cakes. Throughout April, with extensions into the summer, Odense, the small town of his birth, is to celebrate that honour with festivities and games. The children especially are to lead the demonstrations. And that is just as it should be.

For Hans Andersen is, above everything, the children's writer. There may be children who cannot respond to one or another of his varied moods, but I have not yet found them. The contemporary popularity of "Peter Pan" or "Christopher Robin" is quite as much cultivated by grown-ups as by children. The songs from "When we were very young" are sung with arch enthusiasm by ladies of riper years at village concerts. But from the year 1835, when the first instalment of Andersen's fairy tales began to percolate through the reluctant and indifferent Danish public, the children claimed them for their own. Their writer himself never thought much of them. He was apt to despise the child in himself which enabled him to write them. He wanted to be taken seriously as an adult man. He is being celebrated to-day as a national hero because he understood profoundly the child's attitude towards life.

The aunts and parents who to-day present their young acquaintances with volumes of Andersen's fairy tales in the happy confidence that here at least is perfectly safe literature for youth, might be a trifle alarmed if they realized the full implications of this attitude. Whatever else Andersen may or may not have done, he was never tricked into betraying his own vision of childhood. He was never caught by the sentimental fallacy that youth is the season made for joy. He wrote his stories knowing that children are, every whit as much and as often as their seniors, disillusioned, frustrated, lonely, miserable, and perplexed. Even if he was sometimes led into conventional statements about children, he was never false in his appeal to them. As though by the light of an inner knowledge, he saw that children are often preoccupied by thoughts of death and punishment; that they are, possibly as a result of training, very acutely conscious of morality, so that a two-year-old will instinctively refer to a "naughty mess" instead of a "dirty mess" when he has smeared jam across the table-cloth. He saw that, since self-control and gentleness are the acquired virtues of an adult phase of civilization, they do not come to children as naturally as eating and sleeping, hence the strong element of barbarism and cruelty in children, which makes it possible for all but the most sensitive of them to enjoy tales of giants ripped asunder, of Big Claus cast mercilessly into the river, of the soldier in the Tinder Box killing the witch who had, after all, been kind to him. Andersen's tales are notably less ferocious than Grimm's, but both these writers have catered for the untempered savagery of the child, anticipating "A High Wind in Jamaica" which awoke such indignant denials among tender-hearted but unobservant parents.

Andersen is the poet of the inferiority complex. He himself lived until middle life under the shadow of failure and ridicule. The son of a shoemaker, reared in conditions of extreme poverty, he was haunted by grotesque

ambitions. He wanted to be an opera singer; he wanted to be a dramatist; he wanted to write serious, romantic novels. When he should have been at school he played with puppets in a toy theatre. When his father died he ran off to Copenhagen to make his fortune on the stage. He was treated as a lunatic, mocked and starved, until he was finally befriended and sent to a school of dancing. Even there his voice failed. He was indolent. Sent finally to a proper school, he was kept there until he was twenty-two in the hope of turning him into a properly educated person. He was wretchedly unhappy, backward, and at odds with circumstance. Few boys have served a better apprenticeship to the almost universal sentiment of feeling misunderstood. "The Ugly Duckling" has become the classical vindication of the unhappy child. The artist in "The Bronze Boar" died with satisfactory pathos just too soon to know his fame. The real nightingale was neglected for the artificial jewelled bird, but returned to save the Emperor's life. These stories have consoled thousands of romantic and ambitious adolescents who feel that society has not adequately recognized their genius. The deathless popularity of the Cinderella myth was given by Andersen that egotistic twist which intensified its appeal by substituting an internal change and vindication for the external magic of pumpkin coach and fairy robe.

It is noticeable that Andersen's tales are not chiefly about children. "The Little Match Girl" may tell of a child's longing, even the hour of starvation, for childish things. The Moon may see a little girl trying on her new dress and asking what the dogs will think when they see her so grand. But Andersen takes it for granted that his readers will look on this excursion into infancy with indulgence, though the main object of their interest will be adult life. The characters of all the greatest fairy stories are grown up people—whether the stories are folk tales like the Sleeping Beauty and Cinderella, or whether they are Andersen's own. "The Little Mermaid" faces the adult problems of love, suffering, and immortality. Knud and Joanna in "Under the Willow Tree" soon leave their childhood; Rudy is snatched by the Ice Maiden from Babette: and though the wearer of the Little Red Dancing Shoes is a child, she is old enough to be confirmed. "The Story of a Mother" is a tragic and impressive legend of maternity. For Andersen knew that children are, on the whole, bored with childhood. Their most vivid dreams concern the mysterious and exciting state of being grown up. As soon as they are able to lisp and stumble they begin to play at being ladies and gentlemen, at marriage and hunting and paternity and commerce. Their thoughts stretch out towards the far-away time when they will be powerful, rich, famous, and free. They long for the enfranchisement of maturity to rescue them from the limitations of their childishness. They preface their dearest hopes with the words, "When I am grown up." And therefore they like to read about grown-ups, even if the literature is not wholly complimentary.

Indeed, a large part of Andersen's popularity lies in the fact that he is a satirist. He does not give these grown-ups all their own way. The foolish and sycophantic crowd in "The Emperor's New Clothes" was put to shame by a child. "The True Princess" is a very pretty study of snobbery. The princess who scorned the swine-herd learned a salutary lesson. Children enjoy this subtly malicious humour. It flatters their own sense that grown-ups also are sometimes fools.

If the dramas based upon Andersen's work performed

this summer at Odense really represent his spirit, there will be more occasions for tears than for laughter: Death will sit as heavily upon the stage as it sat upon the chest of the Chinese Emperor who longed to hear the nightingale. Cold, hunger, misunderstanding, frustration, and poverty will dominate the action as often as jollity and laughter. And this also is just as it should be. For though children may come trailing clouds of glory, they are often unaware of this interesting phenomenon. It is because Hans Andersen wrote from the sublimated bitterness of his own childish memories, and did not try to expurgate his emotions for the young, that he has found his way to the heart of almost every child who has been fortunate enough to encounter his works.

WINIFRED HOLTBY.

THE MING TOMBS

WE were picking our way—two Germans and an Englishman on donkey-back—from the foot of the Nankow Pass towards that amphitheatre in the hills where our guide-book told us that we should find the Ming Tombs. It was rough going; for we were skirting the foot of a mountain range, and the barren ground was strewn with boulders and cut up by the beds of dry torrents, where our donkeys slithered on the pebbles and floundered through the sand. The Chinese race, which never leaves uncultivated one scrap of cultivable soil, had evidently given up this piece of country as a bad job. Had they, though? For here, surely, after all, was the work of men's hands. Look at these artificial canals, dug transverse to the water-courses and parallel to the mountains. What can they be for? Perhaps to catch the torrent-spates that come down from above, and so prevent them from strewing more boulders over the fields below? "Ask the donkey-boy," I said to the one of my two companions who spoke Chinese. "O, these?" said the donkey-boy. "They are trenches. Feng Yü-hsiang's soldiers made them when they were fighting the soldiers of Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu." So this was the monument of the Kuominchün's retreat from Peking up the Nankow Pass in 1926. The trenches were admirably made—their sides lined all along with carefully fitted stones. Think what that skill and labour could have accomplished if it had been turned into some fruitful channel. It might have sufficed to transform the Nankow Pass from a mule-track into a lorry-road. And this represented only a fraction of the precious effort that had been squandered on civil war in China during the past eighteen years. The bleak landscape began to seem positively sinister, like the Karaköi defile where I had watched the Battle of In Onü between the Greeks and Turks in 1921.

To escape from these disagreeable thoughts, I turned my eyes towards the mountains, and what I saw there gave me relief. The face of the mountains was swathed in horizontal bands of mist, which concealed almost everything but the peaks and the foot-hills. The mist-covered parts looked like empty space; and the effect was exactly that of those Chinese landscape-paintings of the Sung age, in which a few salient features are touched in here and there and the intervening spaces are left blank—so that you have to integrate the design of the picture for yourself instead of the artist imposing his own integration upon you ready made. When first I began to look at this picture painted by Nature on the horizon, it was an exquisite work of art; but soon even this distant view became sinister in its turn. The mist changed into lowering, leaden

clouds; the clouds advanced from the mountains over the plain; it began to drizzle; and the drizzle turned to sleet.

"What is that ruined building up the valley with the dark evergreens rising above the wall of the forecourt?" "That is the tomb of the last of the Mings. When his cause was utterly lost, he hanged himself, and his courtiers (the few that had not deserted him already) buried him on the spot." We turned aside to visit this tragic tomb—so different, we supposed, from the magnificent tombs of this last emperor's more fortunate ancestors, which were the goal of our day's journey. The tomb was jerry-built (as was only to be expected), and its dilapidation was complete. Yet, after all, this flimsy, pathetic memorial to the last ruler of a fallen dynasty, erected by his friends after his overthrow and death, must have been the work of a disinterested devotion; and this surely made it a nobler monument than any that living autocrats have exacted from their subjects at the height of their power.

By the time when we struck the causeway that leads, from the direction of Peking, to the Ming Tombs proper—the work of this last emperor's predecessors when the Dynasty was still in its prime—it was snowing hard. We struck the causeway just below the brow of the bluff that carries the earliest and most imposing member of the group: the tomb of Yung-lo, the third emperor of the Dynasty, the statesman who retransferred the capital of "All that is under Heaven" from Nanking to Peking. Mounting the bluff and pausing at the threshold of the forecourt, we ought to have seen a magnificent view open out before us in all directions. To the south, our eyes should have ranged far over the Chih-li plain; to east, west, and north they should have swept round the natural amphitheatre at the centre of which we were now standing, and should have taken in one tomb after another, each planted on its own spur of the hills, till our vision finally came to rest upon the summits of the mountains in the background. But all this was blotted out by the blinding snow; and, hastily dismounting from our donkeys, we pushed through the outer gate in search of shelter.

Entering, we found ourselves looking across a vast courtyard towards the open front of a hall which was laid out on the same scale as its setting. (The effect was like certain vistas in the southern half of the Forbidden City of Peking.) Making our way through this hall, we again found ourselves looking across a vast courtyard; but this time the background was filled by a kind of fortress of solid masonry. While the open spaces between the columns of the fore-hall had seemed to beckon us on, this mass of grey stone seemed to make an impenetrable barrier across our path—impenetrable except at one central point, where the black mouth of a tunnel drew and held the eye, for all the world like Blake's frontispiece to Blair's "Grave." Into the tunnel we went and out into the open once more; and there, on the other side of all this pomp, we found the tomb.

The tomb was as simple as the approach to it was spectacular—simple but huge. It was an artificial circular mound of earth which one would certainly have mistaken for a natural hill. Indeed, on our journey that morning we had passed several round hills, of no greater size than this, and just as regular in shape; and we could hardly believe that so great a mass of earth had really been piled up by human hands until we noticed the low retaining-wall of fine masonry that encircled the base of the barrow. Barrows, circular like this, and with a band of masonry round the base: where had I seen them before? First at Etruscan Caere, among the olive trees on a hill-top that overlooked the Mediterranean; and another time in Asia Minor, on the plain below the acropolis of Pergamon: the

tombs of the Attalids. And what of that vast congregation of barrows, great and small, that one sees, on the further bank of the Hermus, when one looks northward from the citadel of Sardis? Are they stone-bound too? I do not know; but I should not be surprised; for does not legend bring the Etruscans from Lydia?

Is there any historical link between the tombs of the Etruscans and the Attalids and the Mings? At first thoughts, it seems improbable that they can be traced back to a common origin across such vast distances of space and time; and yet—what is it that lies between? It is the Eurasian steppe, which the nomads traverse from rim to rim as easily and swiftly as sailors ply between the coasts of an inland sea; and the life of these nomads knows no change except when it is obliterated altogether (as is happening in Manchuria to-day) by the advancing furrows of the peasant's plough. Surely these stone-bound barrows are merely somewhat sophisticated forms of the nomad's "magoula": the simple round barrow of earth which he has left, all over the steppe and its borderlands, as a memorial of his presence there. On my journey out to the Far East, I had found these "magoulas" dominating the landscape from the northern foothills of Haemus to Eastern Thrace. And here, among the southern foothills of the mountains that carry the Great Wall of China, on the crown of Yung-lo's tomb, I was standing on the greatest "magoula" of them all.

Yung-lo was wise in his generation when he caused his tomb to be built according to the simple tradition of the steppes. In the forefront of the tomb, the great hall and the courtyard walls were going to rack and ruin. The pavement was strewn with fragments—beautiful even in destruction—of the yellow-glazed tiles; and this snow, if it lay heavy on the eaves, would bring down more. Where the tiles had fallen from the roofs, the rafters were rotting; and when the rafters had rotted away the wooden columns beneath would gradually decay—solid tree-trunks though they were. In the end, the hall and the courtyard walls, yes, and even the mass of masonry that guarded the tunnel, would be as though they had never been. Yet, standing here on Yung-lo's barrow, I was not again overcome by that overwhelming conviction of the vanity of human wishes which I had felt, a few months earlier, when I stood among the tombs of the Muslim rulers of Sind on the ridge of Makli Hill. In all their efforts to perpetuate their pomp and state, those Muslim tomb-builders had forgotten to provide themselves with any monument that was simple enough to be proof against the ravages of time; and so the frustration of their wishes was doomed to be complete. But the great Ming emperor, being Chinese, had appreciated the irony that lies deep in the Nature of Things. No doubt it had amused him to build that magnificent hall; but assuredly it had amused him even more to think that, in less than six centuries, hall and courts and castle and all the other pompous appurtenances with which he had masked his barrow would have gone the same way as his own mortal remains; for then at last the tomb itself—simple and huge and indestructible—would come into its own.

As I stood on the crown of the barrow, I said over to myself that poem in "The Shropshire Lad" in which the skeleton addresses the flesh and blood that are permitted to clothe it for a few moments of its own immortality. And I fancied that the spirit of Yung-lo, resting secure in the depths of that great mound, was speaking those words to the painted columns and the glittering tiles, as the touch of death was laid upon them by the falling snow.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Cape Forlorn," Fortune Theatre.

POSSIBLY some people may be frightened away from Mr. Frank Harvey's new play at the Fortune Theatre by the title, but it will be a pity if they are. Any quality of the forlorn that there is in the play is not of the morbid, the macabre, or the introspective. There are two deaths, certainly, and a good deal of "drama," verging sometimes on the melodramatic, but it is all very entertaining. The action all takes place in two days, and the scene is the same from start to finish: the interior of a room in a lighthouse off the south-east coast of New Zealand. A word of special praise is deserved for the design and construction of this scene; it creates its illusion easily, satisfies all the requirements of the action without distracting it in any way, and is singularly pleasing to the eye. The sounds of waves and seagulls, and the wind and rain of a rising storm, are equally well done, and the play is free to run its course from the rise of the curtain without hindrance. This it does with good effect, and at a pleasant speed. There is nothing very deep about the character-drawing, and the story is too good and complicated to attempt to divulge, but the five characters (the keeper of the light, his mate, his wife, a "rousabout," and a castaway) live and move on the stage admirably, and with gusto. Mr. Harvey himself, as the retired ship-master and keeper of the light, acts well, and Mr. Willard and Mr. Bradfield as the mate and the castaway respectively each woo and win his wife successfully and convincingly before meeting their deaths in different ways. Miss Marda Vanne acts with subtlety and restraint, and Mr. Charles Farrell is effectively languorous and non-committal in the small part of Rangì.

"Out of the Blue," Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

The fact that there is always a touch of the charade about Sir Nigel Playfair's productions makes this "improvisation" by "Michael Orme" (from the German of Herr Hans Chlumberg) an entertainment peculiarly suited to the *milieu* of the Lyric, Hammersmith. The scene is the stage of a theatre. Someone has blundered, and the company have gone home, thinking that to-morrow is the first night, whereas really it is to-night, and we, the audience, are already assembled. The producer (Sir Nigel) and the stage manager (Mr. Norman Page) confer with the theatre's tame play-reader, who suggests that some of the audience be invited to cross the footlights and make up a play of their own. After some demur ("To hell with your highbrow philosophizing, this isn't the Gate Theatre!"), the producer agrees, and actors are recruited from our midst. All these preliminaries are highly amusing, and it is a pity that the fun cannot be kept going at the same pitch. But charades are seldom as entertaining to the spectators as to the participants, and when once we leave the satirizing of life in the profession and get down to the pseudo-impromptu play, the proceedings tend to drag, although they last for less than two hours, including intervals. This is partly because the preliminaries contain ten times as much criticism of the stage as the play does of life, but it is also, I imagine, largely because "Michael Orme" has not Pirandello's knack of dramatic paradox. We are never reduced to that state of ordered and composed bewilderment which is induced by such works as "Six Characters in Search of an Author," nor persuaded to take for granted the basic impossibility of some of the scratch actors being at home while others are conscious of their audience. Some of the parts are played a trifle too amateurishly (I take it that their amateurishness is intentional), but Mr. George Merritt, gloriously unctuous and self-satisfied as one of the chief volunteers, manages to keep his acting on one plane throughout, and Miss Minnie Blagden is almost as successful. Mr. Page is magnificent as the stage manager, a part curiously similar to one I saw him play many years ago in Mr. Miles Malleon's "Youth." Sir Nigel trots perkily on and off, coaching and chivvying the cast into the play. On the whole, a pleasantly diverting Hammersmith merrythought.

"The Three Musketeers," Drury Lane.

If Dumas could see the musical comedy which has been constructed out of his novel, he would, I think, thoroughly enjoy himself. To begin with, Mr. Dennis King scores a great triumph as D'Artagnan. He is handsome, gallant, debonair, and still a little gauche—the Gascon to the life. Then, Mr. Arthur Wontner is admirable as Cardinal Richelieu; the other parts are adequately filled; the ladies are beautiful and charming; the production, being at Drury Lane, is, of course, superb; and the whole affair is carried through in the spirit of romantic gaiety which inspired the novel. The music, which I had rather dreaded, seems appropriate enough, and one song, splendidly sung by Mr. Raymond Newell (Aramis), will probably be heard everywhere for months to come.

"The 2 Intimate Review," Duchess Theatre.

In the title of this revue there is, you see, a play on words, but we fear it is a pathetic example of a jest made to hide a fearful and a sinking heart. The revue appeared once before, but was hurriedly withdrawn for further rehearsals. These rehearsals, we do not doubt, have now been held, but they have not put matters quite right, and the truth probably is that the piece did not so much stand in need of rehearsal as of rebirth. As it now stands, "The 2 Intimate Review" illustrates the sad truth that in the arts you will not necessarily succeed even though you do try, try, and try again. As the thing proceeds, the stage is occupied by one person after another obviously doing a rather second-class best. The music abounds in preludes to melodies which do not arrive. It is, if one may say so, that kind of music which is always in an interesting condition, but the delivery does not occur, and the chorus which can, and on occasion does, save an affair like this, does not catch, and therefore does not communicate any joy from its work. Here and there, of course, a spark has been fanned into life. The sketch in which a family is shown in the grip of a football broadcast is humorously invented and given, and Mr. Morris Harvey and Miss Florence McHugh are very successful in a Chinese burlesque. And then there is the dancing of Anna Ludmila, which is, of course, the real and authentic thing. But these are the only moments one remembers in a rather long and arduous evening.

"On the Spot," Wyndham's Theatre.

To those who are familiar with Mr. Edgar Wallace's work, the story of "On the Spot" will not appear so "incredible and fantastical"—to quote the introduction to the programme—as to those misguided people who have not yet been initiated into the Wallace world. But however strange the plot of this melodrama, however fantastic the wickedness of the mysterious Tony Perelli, who lives in luxury on the proceeds of his ruthless crimes, and consoles himself—or, shall we say, gives a new flavour to his enjoyment of them?—by soft, sweet music and the buying of enormous and costly wreaths to send to the funerals of his victims, the illusion is never broken. The play, in fact, is so convincing that the combination of crime and love and cruelty seems at last the most natural thing in the world. Perhaps it is—who knows? It is only when we emerge into the humdrum of Charing Cross Road that we begin to question its probability. The fine acting of Mr. Charles Laughton (either as crook or detective), who takes the part of Tony Perelli, is now too well established to need recording. Miss Gillian Lind as Perelli's Chinese mistress is superb, and indeed words of praise should be given to the entire cast.

"New York Nights," New Gallery Cinema.

"New York Nights" is the first "talkie" to be made by the well-known film actress Miss Norma Talmadge, who seems to have adapted herself quite comfortably to the new medium. The story is commonplace and strongly resembles a hundred other film stories. Miss Talmadge, as Jill Deverne, is married to an unsuccessful song-writer (this device for introducing a few sentimental songs, which is used in four out of five American talkies, is already getting a little stale). The song-writer, unable to resist

the drink, sinks lower and lower, till his wife is forced to leave him and return to her own occupation of chorus-girl (this to introduce scenes of theatrical splendour). She is pursued by the producer of the show, who is also an extremely unscrupulous crook and an obviously unpleasant character. (The only original thing about the film is that Jill, noble heroine as she is, does not appear to mind him at all.) Everything, of course, comes right in the end, the couple are reunited, the crook taken off to prison. Miss Norma Talmadge and Mr. Gilbert Roland, as the chorus-girl and the song-writer, act quite competently and gracefully, but far the most convincing performance is given by Mr. John Wray as the crook. The whole story, however, is completely mechanical and is a mere framework upon which to hang samples—and not particularly interesting ones—of the few stock ideas of talkie-producers, the "theme-song," the revue chorus, and a "wild party" or two.

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Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, April 12th.—

Smeterlin, Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Sunday, April 13th.—

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, on "Mysticism and Modern Science," Conway Hall, 11.

"The Man with the Portfolio," in Russian, at the Arts Theatre.

Mr. Lionel Britton's "Brain," at the Garrick.

Monday, April 14th.—

Marjorie Perkins, Song Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Ibsen's "A Doll's House," at the Criterion.

"Living Dangerously"—a discussion between Mr. Clive Bell, Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, and Miss Rebecca West, the Wireless, 9.25.

Tuesday, April 15th.—

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, on "The Budget," the Wireless, 7.45.

Dorothy Helmrich, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Wednesday, April 16th.—

"De La Folie Pure," at the Victoria Palace.

"Down Our Street," by Mr. Ernest George, at the Vaudeville.

"Insult," by Mr. J. E. Harold Terry and Mr. Harry Tighe, at the Little.

Good Friday, April 18th.—

Handel's "Messiah," Royal Choral Society, Albert Hall, 2.30.

OMICRON.

ABOULABASAND

"Among the presents sent Charlemagne by the Caliph, the one which aroused the most lively curiosity was an elephant, brought not without difficulty to Aix-la-Chapelle. It was named Aboulabasand."

Bémont and Monod's "Mediæval Europe."

ABOULABASAND the famous elephant,
Haroun-al-Raschid sent to Charlemagne,
Came, but came barely through the Pottersgate;
And all the folk like startled conies ran
Into their cobbled ways, and left the street
Empty. But little Jocelyn, the mason's son,
Stood still, and stared, then followed fearfully
The monstrous beast, until the dusky men
Had fettered it safely in the Bishop's barn.
Then little Jocelyn took a charcoal stick
And quickly sketched the serpent-headed beast;
And soon with happy pains he shaped a stone,
And singing chiselled many days, until
He made that gargoyle folk came far to see,
Spouting upon Saint Martin's chapel roof,
Over the buttress by the western door.
And curious men in after days declared
An Ethiopian wrought it—"twas not so,
For Jocelyn it was, who saw and made,
Aboulabasand the famous elephant
Haroun-al-Raschid sent to Charlemagne.

J. W. FEAVER.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE HORRIBLE EXAMPLE

WHEN Abraham Hayward, the prose translator of Goethe's "Faust," was visiting Germany in 1833, he endeavoured to examine all sources of information respecting the figure round whom the legend had gathered; and at times he felt like those sceptics who argued "that there never was such a person, but that the fable was invented by the monks to revenge themselves on the memory of Faust, the printer, who had destroyed their trade in manuscripts." Persevering, however, he came to the conclusion that Johann Faust was born at Kundlingen in Würtemberg towards the end of the fifteenth century; was bred a physician, graduated in medicine, and took up the black art. With his dog—given him by Satan—he became one of the wandering scholars of the Middle Ages. About 1530, news of him with any claim on belief ceased. But "when, during the Thirty Years' War, the enemy broke into Saxony, a detachment was quartered at a village called Breda, on the Elbe. The magistrate of the village sought out the commander, and informed him that his house had obtained a high celebrity through Faust's horrible death in it, as the blood-besprinkled walls still testified." The enemy withdrew.

Now comes Mr. H. G. Meek to revise the life of the magician, in his "Johann Faust: the Man and the Myth" (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.), and it cannot be said that he brings the man forward as a misrepresented person. The details have been misrepresented, that is all? To begin with, there was a young man called Georg Sabel, who studied at Heidelberg and in 1509 "took the best degree of his year." He called himself "Faustus Junior," perhaps in allusion to the father of St. Clement, or another of the Faustuses scattered through European history. He travelled with horse and dog, and made a living by fraud or medicine, until 1541, when he died in strange circumstances at a Würtemberg inn. Mr. Meek, weighing contemporary reports, is inclined to think the historical Faust a disreputable, unpleasant huckster; one whom the city fathers of Ingolstadt in 1528 ordered to leave their town; degenerate, and lawless. His death is particularly investigated; several theories are discussed; and the verdict is, "He had suffered from Syphilis for years, which produced a degeneration of his brilliance and intensified his natural bombast; finally, in a state of great depression he took a strong dose of Strychnine."

To the present age, perhaps, this story would seem fitting rather for human tears than for metaphysical grimness. Is it not a common enough tragedy? If Sabel were to look over my shoulder as I write this, I believe that I should confuse him with persons I have met. Imagine the man of great learning and talent, cursed by his own irregularities, making himself "a motley," remembering honour and haunting dishonour, commanding the unpurchasable, and selling trash? However, in spite of Marlowe's grand sympathy, Faust's story was swiftly circulated through Europe with a gleeful rage; the monster was created, and the scholar-gipsy destroyed.

With Dr. Faust, Mephistophiles burst upon the gaping world, and, Mr. Meek holds, "it is in England that the name first occurs." (This, however, appears to be based on an erroneous dating of the "Merry Wives of Windsor.") What a wonderfully good "magical" name was invented in "Mephistophiles"! That form, indeed, seems not to have been fixed until 1778; the many ancient variants, however, contain its quality; "Mephistophilus" is almost as fateful. Numerous savants have attempted to discover whence it came. The resources of shamelessly Punic Greek have been ransacked, for derivations so capricious as *μη φωτοφίλης*, "no friend of light," *μη φαύστου φίλος*, "no friend of Faust." W. S. Gilbert probably hit the mark in 1879 by interpreting it, "A lover of the Mephitic." No matter; if you were in need of a devil, you could hardly think of a better summons for one than *per Jehovam*,

Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

The "Faust" legend from the first had its comic element. Mephistophiles in Marlowe is not only the inexorable being who claims Faustus's soul according to the bond. When Robin the ostler reads to Ralph from "one of Dr. Faustus's conjuring-books," and pronounces the name, this devil springs up to "set squibs at their backs." In spite of his terrific temperament, Ralph and Robin are quite amiable towards him. His complaint,

"From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves,"

meets with no apologies: "How, from Constantinople! you have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone?"

Cheerfulness, thus breaking through, travelled a long way with the menagerie of Dr. Faust, and produced eventually some singular novelties. One of these will serve for all: "The Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, with the Humours of Harlequin and Scaramouch: as they were several times Acted by Mr. Lee and Mr. Jevon, at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset Garden, and at the Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, with Songs and Dances between the Acts." This queer hybrid was the composition of William Mountfort about 1696. It opens with the regulation Faustus, good and bad angel, and speeches patched up from Marlowe; then Scaramouch comes in, having seen the Devil—"Art sure it was the Devil?"—Scaramouch is sure. "He had a Head like a Bull's with Horns on; and two Eyes that glow'd like the Balls of a dark Lantern: His Hair stood a Tiptoe, like your new-fashion'd Top-knots; with a Mouth as large as a King's Beef-Eater: His Nails was as sharp as a Welshman's in a Passion; and he look'd as frightful as a Serjeant to an Alsatian." Faust engages Scaramouch for his servant, and Scaramouch is wearing the Doctor's gown and seated reading in his study when Harlequin arrives, "to hire a Devil or two." Their capers follow duly; and then comes an imitation of Marlowe's scene of the Seven Deadly Sins. Much more buffoonery passes, but it is necessary that Faust should go through his death-pangs. We are in the old legend again, when finally "Scene changes to Hell. Faustus Limbs come together. A Dance, and Song."

The tree, chopped all shapes by countless hands, was yet to put forth its most majestic branch and foliage. "From the historical Faust to the speculator and practical joker of the Volksbücher is a far call, but it is merely an echo when we reach the cultured scientist in Goethe's tragedy, Dr. Faustus." So writes Mr. Meek. But the imaginative elements determined in the mighty lines of Marlowe, no long time after the pitiable ugly death of Georg Sabel, are not remote from Goethe's positions. That is to say, Marlowe perceived in the common impression and account of Faust a fable of universal dignity, a theme which would sustain many variations of thought and circumstance, a symbolical biography, indeed, to rank with the classical myths. Goethe probably thought that this allegory would carry even more of fancy's fabric than it does: "You know, upon our German stage, everyone tries what he likes. Therefore, spare me neither scenery nor machinery upon this day. Use the greater and the lesser light of heaven; you are free to squander the stars."

Mr. Meek has produced a handbook chiefly illustrative of the transformation of Georg Sabel into the Dr. Faust of the chap-books, why it was, and how it was. The larger literary development of the tale is briefly charted in a bibliographical appendix, ending with the Fausting of Mr. Arnold Bennett.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

REVIEWS

SIR ARTHUR NICOLSON AND THE OLD DIPLOMACY

Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart., First Lord Carnock. A Study in the Old Diplomacy. By HAROLD NICOLSON. (Constable. 21s.)

MR. HAROLD NICOLSON has complicated the always difficult task of the biographer by making the Life of his father "A Study in the Old Diplomacy." So far as it concerns the daily life and doings of an "old diplomat" in the old days, the result is admirable. The story of Sir Arthur Nicolson's early years—of his life and work in Constantinople, Cairo, Athens, Teheran, and the Near East, and of the interesting and sometimes adventurous jobs which gradually brought him into the heart of affairs and made him eligible for the great Embassies, and finally for the highest place in the Foreign Office—all this is delightfully told and extremely interesting. It appears that even in the old diplomacy a promising young man could find a footing, though he had almost no means and had confessedly made a muddle of his school and university education. But Arthur Nicolson had a very quick intelligence, a genuine impulse for remedying abuses, as he showed in Morocco, and a taste for philosophy which led him to speculate widely on the course of events—no bad combination of qualities for an expert in foreign affairs.

The story runs smoothly and pleasantly through the first half of the book, but from this point onwards the student of the "old diplomacy" begins to get the better of the biographer, and before the end all but extinguishes him. Lord Carnock, having reached the highest place, becomes more and more a vehicle for the opinions which his son, looking back on the scene, has formed about the behaviour of the statesmen and diplomatists who took part in it. They are not very flattering opinions, and a certain irony now plays upon the narrative, which falls into the Lytton Strachey vein. Much of it is beyond doubt extremely clever, but I own I would rather have had a little less of this and rather more of the "diplomatic narrative" which Mr. Nicolson tells us his father left behind him, and of which we have a few enticing samples in this book. Let us hope that this may still be published without comment.

I should conjecture that on reading over his own book Mr. Nicolson felt a slight remorse, for in his Introduction he seems to take back some part of what he has written in his closing chapters, and to qualify a little his judgment on the "amassed unintelligence" of former times. I own I greatly mistrust all these phrases. What comes of them may be seen when Mr. Nicolson blandly disposes of four centuries of British history as a "predatory period," and says that "before we blame Germany, we must first blame our own Elizabethans." We may without disrespect to our Elizabethans think it extremely ill-advised—to say no more—for a modern Government to have behaved in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries as they behaved in the sixteenth.

But Mr. Nicolson sets us thinking while he irritates. He brings out with great skill the veiled opposition between the professional diplomatic view and the Ministerial political view of foreign affairs. The professional diplomat, especially if, like Mr. Nicolson's father, he had spent much of his time in European capitals, saw things from a European angle. He knew the interpretation which would be put in Europe upon transactions which the Minister thought simple and innocent. He saw between 1904 and 1914 the cumulative result of the Ententes, military conversations, naval agreements, and exchange of formulas by which it was attempted to define and limit British obligations. He wanted Great Britain to play the game as it was played in Europe, to get out of the twilight of Ententes, and launch out boldly into alliances. Ministers who bothered about public opinion and Parliament seemed to him evasive and pusillanimous. It is at least extremely doubtful whether the peace would have been better kept this way than the other way, and the Minister on his side was bringing an essential judgment to bear, when he declined to run the risk of alarming Europe and dividing the British people by a sudden new departure which might have precipitated a "preventive war." Nevertheless, the professional was doing his

duty in writing his Minutes in the free atmosphere in which he worked and, though his advice was not always taken, Sir Arthur Nicolson's contributions were of high value.

I am heartily with Mr. Nicolson in what he says about the War-guilt clause in the Treaty of Versailles, but I think he goes dangerously in the opposite direction in his effort to equalize the responsibilities between all the parties, ourselves included. What forced our agreements with France and Russia more and more to take on an anti-German complexion was undoubtedly the German naval competition. I have lately read through the 28th volume of the German Documents (Grosse Politik) which contains all that is essential on this subject, and, considered in the light of after events, the German persistence in this matter seems something like insanity. For years together Metternich from London warned his Government what must be the consequences, and it now turns out that practically every civilian Minister whose opinion was worth considering agreed with him. Nevertheless, all these Ministers permitted themselves to be overborne by Tirpitz and the Emperor against their better judgment. Whether, if we had been more efficient in flourishing the big stick against Germany, we might have prevented the sequel, may be an open question, but it cannot touch the responsibility of the Germans. This perfervid militarism was bound to throw us more and more into the arms of France and Russia, for the risk of being the next meal after they had been devoured was more than any statesmen could have taken, or the British people would have allowed them to take. Mr. Nicolson moralizes rather wistfully over these events:—

"We are able to-day to be wise after the event. We can argue, if we like, that the whole theory of 'the German Menace' was a subjective fallacy. We can contend that anything was better than the discredit of co-operation with a country such as Russia. We can insist, with better justification, that even if the dominant party in Germany did desire to impose its will upon the British Empire, it would have been better if the British Government had submitted to such crass dictation rather than risk the death or mutilation of ten million young men. But these, at the time, were not the points at issue. The essential controversy, given the psychology at that date inevitably prevailing, centred round the problem whether it was more conducive to peace to menace Germany or to conciliate her. This riddle, and it is vital, cannot be answered by our present shell-shocked generation."

The riddle is one that will probably never be answered either by the shell-shocked or any other generation, but it is quite irrelevant to the moral judgment on the Power which placed its neighbours in such a position that they never could be sure whether threatening her or trying to conciliate her was the best way to keep the peace. For my own part, I cannot think that judgment will go against us for having tried to conciliate her; but it was certainly no mere apprehension of a Parliamentary crisis—though he was bound to consider that—which led Lord Grey to reject Lord Carnock's advice when he thought it drove too far in the menacing direction.

But in any case I cannot believe that Lord Carnock would have agreed with his son that the events of the last twelve days before August 4th, 1914, were relatively unimportant or have endorsed his judgment that Germany was only to blame—and he throws in "we may doubt whether it is more than a tactical reproach"—for "having without due consideration promised Austria her unconditional support." These words seem extremely inadequate to the Kaiser's violent incitements to Austria to go all lengths in the early stages of the affair, and they omit altogether Germany's steady obstruction of all plans for conference or mediation until too late. If we turn back a few pages we find Mr. Nicolson describing the Ambassadors' deliberation of 1912-13 as "an example of the old diplomacy at its best," and saying that "it is regrettable that Lord Grey failed in his endeavour to revive this excellent conclave in July of 1914." It was not merely regrettable, it was calamitous, but the blame for it rests mainly on Germany which steadily refused, in Lord Grey's words, to press "the button for peace."

I was reading a few weeks ago a review by a German in a German periodical of a book attacking Lord Grey, and the reviewer wound up with a sentence which stuck in my memory: "When all has been said, we must still remember

that Lord Grey was a rather successful Foreign Secretary who served his country well." May we not sometimes even after the war put in the same modest claim for our own statesmen and those who served them, of whom Lord Carnock was one of the most distinguished? It is no doubt a healthy sign for the peace of the world that almost every biographer of a statesman who played any conspicuous part in the events that led up to the war, even on the winning side, should assume an apologetic air and think it necessary to explain his conduct in terms of the inferior morality or psychology which is supposed to have prevailed in his generation. That shows to what extent the idea of "war-guilt" had penetrated into the public mind, and it is certainly far better than the old habit of placing on pedestals the supposed architects of victory in previous wars. Yet, if one lived through those times, one does occasionally feel a certain condescension in this attitude—as it were towards the heathen who walked in darkness—which the rising generation has yet to justify. Let us hope it will be justified, and that the discovery that ten million young men may be sent to their doom in the clash of Governments will induce a more humane and intelligent frame of mind. But the system we are looking back upon was a legacy from centuries of European history, and when we are thinking of our own statesmen, the question which arises is not whether they were morally or mentally obtuse, but whether they could have kept out of it, or, being in it, have done anything better than they did do. There will probably to the end of time be a debate about this, but the historical judgment is not helped by assuming that all alike in those benighted days were in a condition of "amassed unintelligence." The writing of history—or biography—is much too simple on those terms.

J. A. SPENDER.

SCOTT AND BYRON

Byron. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

The Life of Sir Walter Scott. By STEPHEN GWYNN. (Thornton Butterworth. 15s.)

HERE are biographies of two very eminent Regency men, both with literary reputations somewhat in need of repair. Of Byron, no satisfactory life has even been written, whereas Lockhart has written about Scott that long, shapeless, easy-going, unconscientious biography which for some reason or other contrives to be one of the most delightful books in English. Mr. Gwynn, for his biographical chapters, has merely to boil down Lockhart; and his main object in writing his book is to recommend the novels to an indifferent generation by means of careful, discriminative criticism. The poems he more or less gives up as lost, and perhaps does not search sufficiently for the delightful verses scattered about Scott's writings. I doubt also whether his review of the novels is likely to make anyone, otherwise inclined, anxious to read them. Nor is the purely biographical section much more satisfactory. Scott's terrible love affair, his dreary ricochet of a marriage, his silly wife, his stupid sons, would make up a sufficiently sad story, without mentioning his illnesses and his bankruptcies. In fact, Scott was a more interesting person than he looks at first sight, and Mr. Gwynn does not make the most of his subject.

Nobody ever doubts that Byron is as interesting a person as ever lived. "That pale face is my fate" might be written over the tomb of many biographers. His "Byron" is the best biography M. Maurois has yet written. It is far better documented, and much less *romancé*. It does not tell us very much that is absolutely new; but we should be very grateful for the notes which he gives us from Cam Hobhouse's copy of Moore's Life. In a way M. Maurois suffers, over here, from his courtesy in letting Miss Colburn Mayne bring out her Life of Lady Byron first. Lady Byron's journal threw such an extraordinary light on Byron's conduct, that if a fiftieth part of what she states were true, there is no need to go on worrying as to why she left him. He was intolerable, and there is an end of it.

But M. Maurois will be judged less by new pieces of information than by his use of the old, and he can be congratulated on his level-headedness and sense of proportion. Also as the ukalele age jazes on into the night, one is

allowed to talk openly about more things. The choirboys and the pages now follow after Augusta Leigh as Augusta followed after Lady Caroline Lamb. M. Maurois shows himself a typical Frenchman by his great interest in Religion. He can kill two birds with one stone and bring himself into touch with modern psychology by saying that Byron never threw off the Calvinism taught him by his nurse in Aberdeen. There is an element of truth in this, no doubt. Byron was never, like Shelley, a comfortable, self-satisfied character. He was at war with himself. Still, I think M. Maurois overdoes this "religion" business and takes Lady Blessington's reminiscences far too seriously. Byron was just showing off in front of her, and she, not being a very clever woman, took it all *au pied de la lettre*. And the extraordinary thing is that people still go on doing so.

But, when all is said and done, this is an eminently readable book, the material admirably arranged, the quotations always fascinating, and M. Maurois keeps his head in the world of perpetual crisis in which he finds himself. The love affairs follow each other without prudery, but without emphasis. M. Maurois is neither excited nor shocked. Here, too, he is not a Frenchman for nothing.

The following sentence about his early relations with Lady Caroline Lamb, may be imaginative, but it seems to me sensible:—

"It was a new rôle for him, that of *cicisbeo*, and pleased him more than he admitted. He enjoyed arriving about eleven in the morning, to share in the femininities of the boudoir, opening the letters, fondling the children, and choosing the dresses for the day."

I think such a sentence as that, not a very important one, illustrates the point of Maurois. He can bring a knowledge of the world to the service of biography. The method also has its dangers. Worldly judgments are too often superficial. This is perhaps the weakness which this biography shares with the others by the same author. All Byron's contemporaries felt he was the greatest man they had ever met—"A man to dream about," writes the unsusceptible Scott. One still vaguely feels the same thing, and that he was "greater than any of his books" (as Fitzgerald says about Dryden). But M. Maurois cannot bring it home to us. The love-affairs do not seem quite first-class. The poems do not seem quite first-class either. Yet Byron was in a way absolutely first-class. M. Maurois feels it; his reader feels it. But somehow they cannot communicate their sensations to each other.

M. Maurois has a vast knowledge of England and English literature, and then suddenly betrays the fact that he is a foreigner in a way that is sensational, and perhaps significant. Thus he thinks that the phrase "the home of lost causes" was coined in disparagement by an enemy of Oxford, and then on page 383 we come on the following extraordinary sentence:—

"Neither Tory nor Radical, he (Byron) had been in English politics that most luckless, most self-divided of animals—a Whig."

This sentence might mean something if it ran as follows: "He was luckless and self-divided because he was half a Tory and half a Radical, but never for one moment that completely self-satisfied person—a Whig." Do we all make that sort of mistake when writing about other countries?

In a word, then, this is an appetizing book, beautifully translated by Mr. Hamish Miles, and for us better in its translated form. I would rather read Maurois in English than Byron in French.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

Et Cetera: a Collection. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

THE third paper in this collection is entitled "The Province of the Reviewer Determined," but it is neither a lawyer's attempt to cow the critic, nor a father's warning to the mercurial young. The sign "Trespassers will be prosecuted" usually indicates a landlord's effort to abolish a Right of Way; and Mr. Birrell is a Liberal. So his paper is not so much a threat as an apologia. For from being a Cabinet Minister he has risen to be a Reviewer, and the greater part of this book is made up of reprinted reviews.



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It contains sixteen papers, several of which have already adorned this journal. In one of them, "A Church Unchurched," the veteran debater rises once more to his feet, there is a snap at Sir William Joynson-Hicks, a sneer at Lord Carson, and we understand the fury to which he used to rouse his opponents by his Johnsonian scorn for their ignorance or cant. In one respect this is the best of the papers: it is the most conclusive. The others are apt to end too suddenly and too soon. Mr. Birrell may have said all that for the moment he wishes to say, but we have not heard all that we need to hear. He has convinced us of our ignorance, but he has not removed it. Edmund Gibson, for instance, "Dr. Codex," is a name unknown to me (I say it with due shame), and the eight pages allowed to him are not enough. But we go along with Mr. Birrell not so much to reach an objective as for the sake of the fine views we get on the way. For these papers are more colloquial than properly literary: we are listening to the table-talk of a man who has been observing men and reading books for more than seventy years. (He remembers seeing Hawthorne in Liverpool in the year 1856.) And a good memory nourishes his commentary with continual allusions. Lockhart's face was as handsome as Byron's; Whitefield and Irving, the founder of the Catholic Apostolic Church, both had squints; Cardinal Newman was a great judge of wine, and Macaulay had a special hatred for cold boiled veal. It is a rare gift to have a host of such items ready docketed for use. The quotations in Mr. Birrell's discourses are always apposite, never hackneyed, and sometimes impudently unexpected. Southey and Leslie Stephen, Cibber, Mark Pattison and Browning, wander together in the Elysian fields of his memory; he quotes Gibbon on literary criticism, Herman Melville on biography, Burke and Horace Walpole on Boswell. Even the correspondence of the Duchesses of Somerset and Buckingham does not escape him. I expect he could dispute with Dr. Johnson on the comparative merits of Smalbridge, Sherlock, South, Seed, and Jortin, and I doubt if there is another man alive who could pronounce with equal authority "Dr. Watts, save when paraphrasing the Psalms of David, never comes up to Doddridge at his best."

These essays open a number of avenues to our curiosity. How many of us have read Hawthorne's "The Old House," or the "Life of the Countess of Huntingdon," or Andrew Lang's "Life of Lockhart"? How many of us know the name of "Mr. Pitt's illiterate Attorney-General," or the nature of the Sabellian heresy, or who were "old Thomas Hearne" and "the famous Dr. Clarke"? "Ignorant dogs," Mr. Birrell would call us, and though it is true that we have not had as long as he has in which to learn, it is doubtful whether we should use it as well, if we had. For Mr. Birrell does more than remember what he has read. When the first volume of Hickey appeared, his first movement was to try to verify its authenticity. And reading that Dr. Doddridge's grandfather was ejected from his living in 1662, he at once set out to discover whether this Nonconformist confessor had not himself replaced some ejected Anglican. Indeed, he is at least as sceptical now as he ever was. And if he has been disappointed of the highest reward of political life, it may be because he has not been content to take Dr. Johnson's advice, and clear his *mind* of cant. He has cleared his language too. To this dangerous honesty add a wit which punctures the dishonesty of others, a wide knowledge of English history, law, and literature, and a particular knowledge, now become rare, of English theology; next apply a long intimacy with the recent governors of this country, and you have the most friendly of cynics, Mr. Augustine Birrell.

One of the best papers in his book might well serve as a preface to his autobiography. I hope he will soon reprint it in this capacity. Meanwhile, "Et Cetera" is well printed and well bound, but a book referring to so many names would have been better with an index. Moreover, the printers have played Mr. Birrell one scurvy trick. They make him differ from Lord Chatham in attributing to the Anglicans Calvinistic Articles, a Romish Liturgy, and an Armenian clergy. If this were true, the Church of England would be an even more remarkable institution than it is.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

REPRESENTATIVE THINKERS

Five Types of Ethical Theory. By C. D. BROAD. (Kegan Paul. 15s.)

DR. BROAD'S book contains an exposition and criticism of the ethical theories of Spinoza, Butler (Bishop), Hume, Kant, and Sidgwick. These five philosophers are selected for treatment because, while their writings exemplify most of the important views which different thinkers have entertained with regard to ethical questions, each is a philosopher of the first rank whose work is distinguished alike by originality of thought and cogency of statement. They may, therefore, fairly be taken as representative thinkers. In the chapters on Spinoza, Butler, Hume, and Kant, Dr. Broad confines himself in the main to exposition; in dealing with Sidgwick he allows himself greater scope, commenting freely on the doctrines he expounds. In a final chapter, which is in the nature of a summing up, the main problems of ethics are stated, and various alternative solutions indicated.

The value of a book of this type depends very largely upon the method of treatment. Dr. Broad's may be described as the surgical method. He is for ever dividing thought and cutting it up, introducing distinctions which are usually ignored, and pointing out ambiguities which others have failed to detect. Once the distinctions have been made and the ambiguities cleared up, little remains to be said. For when a philosophical position is clearly stated, it is usually seen to fall into two parts; the first is composed of self-evident truths, the second of demonstrable falsehoods. So exhibited it ceases to afford matter for controversy; the truisms are accepted, the falsehoods rejected, and the surgical job is done.

Dr. Broad's method, applied in previous books with conspicuous success to the problems of psychology and epistemology, is particularly valuable in the sphere of ethics. For ethics is pre-eminently a realm of confusion. Much ethical writing is little more than a sustained essay in the art of imperceptibly varying the meaning of well known words, so that to show the different senses in which an author uses his terms is, as often as not, to reveal what is true and to expose what is false in his position.

I take two examples from Dr. Broad's treatment of Utilitarianism. Utilitarianism falls into two parts; there is an assertion of value to the effect that no characteristic of an experience has any intrinsic value except its pleasantness; and there is an assertion of duty to the effect that we ought always so to act as to promote the greatest total amount of happiness. These two positions may be varied and combined in many different ways, but in one form or another they constitute the essence of the doctrine.

On the first point there is controversy as to whether pleasures differ in quality or in quantity only; Mill affirmed that they do, Bentham denied it. Dr. Broad points out that pleasure is not a separate feeling; it is a characteristic which he calls "the hedonic quality" of complex mental events, a quality which Dr. Broad thinks is probably a relational property. Now Mill may have meant that of two experiences which had the same amount of hedonic quality, one may be more valuable than another in respect of its non-hedonic qualities; or he may have meant that there are different determinate forms of pleasantness, just as there are different determinate shades of redness. The first assertion is almost certainly true; the second possibly may be, but Mill was "so confused that he probably did not know himself what he meant."

As regards the duty of promoting the greatest total amount of happiness, Dr. Broad points out that one of the ways in which this might be done is to increase the total numbers of a community while reducing the happiness of each individual member of it. Utilitarianism in fact would require us to do this, provided that the *total* happiness in the community were increased. To see that Utilitarianism involves this is to see also that, in respect of some of its assertions, Utilitarianism is plainly wrong.

The dissecting method while making for clearness also makes for dryness; but the dryness includes a good deal of dry wit. Dr. Broad, indeed, is one of the three philosophic wits now writing (Mr. Russell is the other two), and

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contrives to say a number of exceedingly amusing and malicious things about his chosen philosophers. Butler, although very unworldly, was twice a Bishop; he had influential friends, but owed his advancement in the main to his sheer merits as a theologian and moralist.

"It is gratifying to think," comments Dr. Broad, "that a man like Butler would now be allowed to pursue his studies with singularly little risk of being exposed to the dangers and temptations of high office or lucrative employment."

Sidgwick is a difficult writer to read; still more difficult to remember. As a result "even a thoroughly second-rate thinker like T. H. Green by diffusing a grateful and comforting aroma of ethical 'uplift' has probably made far more undergraduates into prigs than Sidgwick will ever make into philosophers." Nobody's work could be freer from "uplift" than Dr. Broad's, who excuses himself for keeping theological considerations whenever possible out of his book, on the ground that "it is better to let sleeping Gods lie."

C. E. M. JOAD.

THE NATURALIST ON EXMOOR

Wild Exmoor Through the Year. By E. W. HENDY. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

MR. HENDY is a sturdy example of the local naturalist, a species to be encouraged so long as it steers clear of the local museum. His style possesses a sure and easy flight, though without undulations and with little power to quit the lower ether, so that, being as he is an admirable observer whose notes of bird and other wild life are at first-hand and stored with the memories of twenty years, he is a recorder of seasons, movements, and happenings curious and beautiful, to be enjoyed. His present book is a little discursive and prone to snipe-like vagaries in the matter of changing his subject, and it can hardly be said that his emotional or artistic capacities respond quite as we hope they will do to the many distinguished things he has to tell us. But his background of keen knowledge and familiarity with his own district is of pleasing satisfaction to the reader, and his studies are choicely removed from generalized natural history, a form of inquiry vitiated *ab ovo* by the inability of the seeker to realize that the manners of an individual or pair of a given kind of bird or beast are not by any means necessarily an index to specific behaviour. Mr. Hendy's care to describe the creatures he encounters on their own particular merits is a decided refreshment. There is plenty of variety in his chapters, though birds—and Exmoor is favoured with merlins and buzzards and nightjars and dippers—are his main delight. One of his chapters, for instance, is devoted to Exmoor superstitions, among which witchcraft still maintains a tenuous existence. It is pleasurable to read of the examples Mr. Hendy gives, for thereby we become more reconciled to the Motor Age which is destroying all country traditions, their cruelty together with their charm and their association with the old megalithic culture of England from which the most of our folklore and legendary material is derived.

Two others of the chapters are occupied with bird protection and the notorious stag-hunt. The first is vigorous, but Mr. Hendy's proposals to dog the steps of the devouring collector is a less comprehensive method than that of prohibiting private collections—which is the only adequate means of stamping out this indefensible scourge. The chapter on stag-hunting is innocently disingenuous. Mr. Hendy protests that his support of the practice is conditioned by his anxiety to save the red deer of Exmoor from extermination. At the same time he often confesses his enjoyment of the hunt, and glosses over the sufferings of the hunted animal by not very intelligent appeals to the problem of pain in nature. He cannot have it both ways, and we should prefer him to support the hunt on the ground that he enjoys it rather than advance the ridiculous argument that red deer can only continue on Exmoor if they are hunted. If Exmoor or parts of it were a national park, there would not be the slightest difficulty in diminishing the herds to a suitable size through the offices of properly

qualified wardens. And he quite misses the point of the present agitation, which seeks to abolish an institutional relic of barbarism out of touch with a more sensitive modernism.

Still, Mr. Hendy's book, if not quite in the first rank of written natural history, is a very readable and instructive piece of work. Mr. Gould's drawings, if a little wooden, have the quality of faithfulness.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

TWO BOOKS BY DR. EINZIG

International Gold Movements. By PAUL EINZIG. (Macmillan. 6s.)

The Bank for International Settlements. By PAUL EINZIG. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

DR. EINZIG combines in a rare degree three separate gifts—he understands the technicalities of what goes on in the City, he can explain it in language intelligible to the ordinary reader, and he can comment on it in terms which are interesting and enlightening to the academic economist. Each of the two books which he has given us in rapid succession was well worth writing. In the first he discusses the technique of gold movements under modern conditions, and shows what unreliable planets those once fixed stars, the "gold points," have become. The irruption of Central Banks into the business of gold shipments, the uncertainty about transport costs (the aeroplane has reduced the relative cost of small shipments of gold, thus favouring the small arbitrageur—it has also reduced the risks of pilfering), the uncertainty whether a bank which wants to ship gold need allow for loss of interest—these and other matters are interestingly discussed. In a final chapter, Dr. Einzig pointedly questions whether any reduction of actual gold shipments which may be effected by means of the new International Bank will be of much advantage unless it is the outcome of a reduction of those fluctuations in the reserves of Central Banks which are the cause of instability in monetary and therefore in industrial conditions.

This theme is naturally touched on again in Dr. Einzig's timely book on the International Bank itself, which contains (in addition to a useful reprint of the relevant parts of the Young Report and of the Statutes drawn up in November last) a discerning account of the origins of the scheme in the twin movements towards the closer co-operation of Central Banks and towards the settlement of the reparation problem, and a balanced survey of the advantages which may be expected from the Bank's operations. Dr. Einzig's main fear is of inflation dictated by political pressure: and though this may seem at the moment rather like the Saharan traveller's fear of meeting an iceberg, it clearly cannot, if we are taking a long view, be dismissed offhand on these grounds. Nor can it be dismissed on the grounds alleged by a rather dogmatic reviewer in the *Economist* (February 8th), that the Bank can only "create credit" in the currency of its country of domicile, since there is nothing in the Bank's Statutes to suggest that this is the case. The omission in the Statutes of the reserve ratios suggested in the Young report was no doubt wise (though scarcely for the reason oddly put forward by Dr. Einzig—that such rules are only appropriate to an issue of notes): but it does on the face of it open the door to the abuses which he fears. The safeguard must be presumed to lie in the power of veto by individual Central Banks of operations in their own currency, including presumably credit creations in that currency at the behest of their neighbours, and in the rather vague provision enjoining the Bank to pay due regard to the relations between its assets and its liabilities in any given currency. But it is at present still so hard to picture exactly how the Bank will function that, as Dr. Einzig admits, it would be as premature to indulge in extravagant fears of inflation as in extravagant hopes of international financial rationalization, or even of substantial gold economy.

On pages 54, 55, 75, Dr. Einzig seems determined to generate in the mind of the reader a confusion between the process of discounting a bill of exchange and the process of accepting it which assuredly does not exist in his own.

D. H. ROBERTSON.

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NOVELS

Otto Bbendiek. By GUSTAV FRENSSSEN. Translated by HUNTLEY PATERSON. (Harrap. 10s.)

Dawn. By S. FOWLER WRIGHT. (Harrap. 7s. 6d.)

The School for Wives. By ANDRÉ GIDE. Translated by DOROTHY BUSSY. (Knopf. 6s.)

A Gallery of Women. By THEODORE DREISER. (Constable. 10s.)

THIS enormous autobiographical novel by Germany's highly respected Gustav Frenssen is of a different sort from most of the flood of Central European fiction that is being offered the English public at present; it is hard to say that it is much more interesting. It is clearly admirable and good; but how old-fashioned, how remote! Imagine a German romantic novelist, with Danish influences, writing of his childhood, his cruel uncle, his adoption by kind people, his sentimental reaction to other children: he grows up, becomes a journalist, a young husband. All this we have before us, exactly what we should expect. Then comes the war, almost an anachronism, it seems; and whether the author or the reader is suddenly awakened by the proximity and reality of the environment, the narrative breaks into life for a few pages. It is difficult to understand why this has been translated: who has the patience to read such praiseworthy, insipid, charming books? Is it the old ladies at the libraries, who like a "lot of reading"? Here they have 550 pages, at any rate. Or is there (a more dangerous encouragement) really a large public who will take to their hearts any translation from the German?

We are informed that "Dawn" is a sequel to the author's first novel "Deluge," a best-seller. It is possible (for no success is entirely undeserved) to see the qualities that appeal to Mr. Wright's public; he has an excellent central idea, and a sense of narrative. Both books deal with the conception of an England almost totally engulfed by a flood, a few survivors left on the small island that remains. An interesting situation; yet (in "Dawn" at least) it is dealt with so mechanically, with so little imagination and resource, that it falls utterly flat from the start. Perhaps this is only the staleness that experience leads one to associate with sequels; but quite apart from the lack of interest, any sensitive reader will shrink from Mr. Wright's literary pretension and lack of grace, and blush at his mawkish sentimentality.

It is the fashion to call "L'Ecole des Femmes" either Gide's best book, or else not Gide at all. Both statements are true in a sense; there is in "L'Ecole des Femmes" a sensitiveness and charm which are new to Gide: they combine with his subtle penetration and wit to make a very remarkable study indeed. We are shown Eveline's diary, before and after her marriage. Robert's recent apology (in "Robert") does not make him less antipathetic to us; he is a prig and a tyrant; alas, Eveline does not realize this till after she marries him. In the face of a character which is only too plain to us from the start, neither her own qualms of judgment nor her father's warnings are sufficient to shatter her ideal of Robert. No girl in love will, one fears, learn anything from "The School for Wives"; but if anything can shake infatuation, it is this tragic story. The translation is good, not so spontaneous as "The Counterfeiters"; it is a more difficult task. Why, by the way, is a well-produced text spoiled by tasteless and inappropriate illustrations?

Mr. Dreiser's leisurely, rather clumsy style has impressed us most in his long novels; it is not surprising to find that his short stories suffer from lack of form and point. Nevertheless, "A Gallery of Women" contains several stories which, frankly as sketches, are excellent. The most frequent situation treated is that of a woman who is too cultured, too wild, too personal for her environment, usually that of the stolid American business world. The conflict is always real and interesting, though the psychology is more intimate than profound. Mr. Dreiser is a master of that style of narrative which achieves its vividness by a personal contact with the reader: a gossipy, familiar style at times. This informality is often enough ungainly and amateurish; yet it makes his points with a startling accuracy. Without a strong connecting interest, this very uniform technique is inclined to pall: 550 pages of these stories are enough to induce slight mental indigestion.

H. J. B. LINTOTT.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" has issued a very spirited performance of Beethoven's 4th Symphony by the Pablo Casals Symphony Orchestra of Barcelona conducted by Casals. (D1725-8. Four double-sided records, with the "Ruins of Athens" Overture on the last side.) This delightful symphony is far too rarely heard in the concert-hall and often has to be content with the solitary performance afforded by the routine of the Promenade Concerts. Perhaps its comparative neglect is due to its lack of those "dæmonic" qualities which so many people seem to demand from the classics. It certainly is the most polished and least rhetorical of the Beethoven Symphonies. This performance, taken as a whole, is delightful, though unfortunately not free from minor blemishes. As in much present-day recording, the strings are brought into too great a prominence and their excessive reverberation obscures much of the wood-wind detail. A striking instance of this is the entry of the second subject on the bassoon in the first movement. Even when following from the score this entry is almost impossible to detect, although it should be one of the clearest points of the work. The later movements are better in this respect, one's only quarrel being with a curious interpretation of the opening of the second movement. Surely the accompanimental figure should lead without the slightest break into the flowing first subject. The effect here suggests a speaker comfortably clearing his throat between the preliminary "Ladies and Gentlemen," and the actual speech. Apart from these small points the performance is delightfully straightforward and clear-cut.

"Columbia" is issuing Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" in serial form, played by the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris, under that excellent conductor, Phillipe Gaubert. As I have only got the second movement without the beginning and the third movement without the end it is impossible to judge the continuity of interpretation, but both performances and recording are excellent (DX1-4. 12-in. records, the concluding parts to be

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announced later). A leaflet is issued with these records which at one point says, "Next the strings take up the theme and play it more rhythmically than the other instruments so far have done." Surely, an unjustifiable slur on the extremely efficient wood-wind of this orchestra! The excellence of this performance does not blind one to the fact that Rimsky-Korsakoff's music (and this work in particular) is wearing less well than that of the other Russians. Is it too much to hope that we may one day be given Balakireff's incomparably fine "Thamar"?

The same orchestra and conductor accompany Marguerite Long in Chopin's Second Piano Concerto in F minor, Op. 21. (Columbia. Four 12-in. records. LX4-7, in album.) This is by no means Chopin at his best, but it is a pleasantly romantic, rather Weber-esque work with a very grateful solo part. Chopin had little idea of writing for the orchestra, and the orchestral part consists of long held chords and a few very subservient accompanimental phrases. For this reason the usual recording problem of how to obtain perfect balance between orchestra and soloist, solves itself, for the orchestra can be kept well in the background without loss of effect. Marguerite Long plays the solo part with the utmost delicacy and brilliance, and the recording is good. Rather less satisfactory from the point of view of recording is Godowsky's performance of Greig's "Ballade," a fine work in variation form. The tone is unnaturally resonant and suggests a piano being played in an empty, uncarpeted room. In their efforts to get away from the banjo-like recording of a few years ago, recording companies have, I think, gone too far in the other direction. Greig has been so stupidly belittled for some time past that it is pleasant to find one of his works recorded by so fine an artist. Other piano records include a "Fantasia on Love-themes from Rosenkavalier," a Lisztian concoction by Percy Grainger, who plays it himself. This is not likely to please the devotees of Strauss, while to devotees of Liszt, like myself, it merely recalls the many fine arrangements of this master which are as yet unrecorded. (Columbia. DB28.)

The minor records of the month are rather a dull lot, the usual operatic selections and the usual violin solo arrangements. I cannot imagine why we are expected to listen to Chopin's Nocturnes on the violin (in spite of the precedent set by Sherlock Holmes). H.M.V. issues the last of the Caruso records, a superb performance of "Deh! Ch'io Ritorni," from Meyerbeer's "L'Africana," a work that might well be revived at Covent Garden. (DB1386, with Tosti's "Good-bye" on the other side).

Parlophone has added to its excellent New Rhythm Style series a record of quite the finest jazz band I have ever heard, Duke Ellington's Orchestra (a coloured band). Ever since I heard this band on an American record I have been waiting for some English firm to bring them out. Their virtuosity and invention are something quite out of the ordinary, and the pieces themselves are more than a mere framework for stunts, sometimes displaying great imagination (as, for example, "The Mooche," a blues that has not yet been recorded by Parlophone). It is a pity that both sides are not orchestral, for the piano solo by Ellington himself is comparatively undistinguished. However, the orchestral side "Hot and Bothered" makes the record well worth the money. (Parlophone New Rhythm Style Series. 21. R582.) Even in this series, which specializes in the most highly coloured type of negro playing, Duke Ellington's band is strikingly brilliant. After listening to this record it is quite impossible to tolerate the genteel and invertebrate performances which so often pass for jazz-playing in this country.

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

AUCTION BRIDGE

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CALIBAN'S DECLARING SYSTEM (I)

THE other night there was a dinner party at Gonzalo's, and afterwards we played family Bridge. There were just the five of us: Mr. and Mrs. Gonzalo, Ferdinand, Miranda, and I. We played for sixpence a hundred, and Miranda, who lost six shillings, was rather dejected about it. "My trouble," she said, as she took out her purse, "is that I never know what to bid. Four times to-night I've been criticized for not calling the full value of my hand ;

yet when I did call, I got doubled, and went down five hundred. Isn't there any simple way of telling what one's hand is worth?"

"Caliban has probably got a system," said Gonzalo; "you'd better ask him."

Miranda turned to me.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I have got a system—one that I've only just perpetrated. Gonzalo puts his question mockingly, but he shall remain to applaud. Would you like to hear what it is?"

"Do tell us about it," said everybody.

"Let me say, first of all," I began, "that I don't regard my declaring system as other than a *pis aller*. By a declaring system, Miranda, I mean a system which enables you to evaluate mechanically what your hand is worth, so that you don't have to apply, to the same extent, your independent judgment. The disadvantages of such a system are obvious. Unless it's intelligently applied, it tends to sap initiative and to blunt the sensibilities of the person using it; so that, while he may make fewer blunders, he seldom rises to the occasion when an exceptional situation presents itself. Before I expound my system, I would ask you to bear these drawbacks in mind. If you adopt it, you will find that you do not lose so much—indeed, in some circles it would doubtless help you to win—but its adoption would also, I think, minimize your chances of ever becoming a front-rank player."

"Well," said Gonzalo, "let's hear what the system is. It's getting late."

"You will probably, at first, think it rather complicated. But no system worth anything can be devised which is arithmetically simple. However, here goes. To begin with, you count forty—"

"Above or below the line?" asked Mrs. Gonzalo.

"I'm afraid I don't make myself clear. You don't score forty; you count forty. What I'm putting forward is a method of determining, by an arithmetical process, what the cards in your hand are worth. Forty is the basis; no hand is worth less than that."

"You add, to the forty that you began with, points according to the following scale:—"

- 10 for every Ace
- 7 for every King
- 5 for every Queen
- 3 for every Knave
- 1 for every Ten

"Next, you add, if the hand is a No-Trumper, seven points for every *certain* trick in excess of four tricks in a suit. Thus, if you hold the Ace, King, Queen, Knave, and three more Clubs, as part of a No-Trump hand, you count twenty-one points in addition to what you count for honours."

"And if the hand is not a No-Trumper?"

"If the hand is not a No-Trumper, you count seven points for every card that you hold, in excess of three, in the suit that you are proposing to make trumps. If, for example, you hold the Ace, King, Ten, and four more Hearts, and you are proposing to make Hearts trumps, you add twenty-eight to the count of your hand."

"I shall never take all this in," gasped Miranda; "it's far worse than Bridge."

"It isn't really," I said, kindly, "you will find it's easy enough with a little practice. But I haven't quite finished yet."

"When you've added up the value of the hand, you divide the total by ten, and you then have the number of tricks that you can legitimately declare, without any support from your partner."

"But generally," objected Gonzalo, "you will have fractions of a trick. What do you do about that?"

"You will use your judgment," I answered. "If you are cautiously inclined, you will ignore the fractions of a trick; if you are by temperament a thruster, you will count half a trick or more as a whole one. But in any case—let me reiterate again—you mustn't make yourself the slave of the system. Once you allow it to tyrannize over you, and to supersede your own judgment, your future as a Bridge player is hopelessly compromised. Subject to that caveat, the system is a very useful guide—an improvement, to my mind, on any I have so far come across."

"Let's try it out," said Gonzalo. "We will deal a few hands at random, and bid on them according to your scheme."

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

MR. SNOWDEN AND SNIA VISCOSA—AUSTRALIAN TARIFF—OIL AND TIN RESTRICTION

IF Mr. Snowden really alarms the City in his Budget the Editor of THE NATION may see his worst fears realized. There may be such a "flight from sterling" that Mr. Snowden will be forced to appreciate in one hectic day—when our dollar exchange slumps, when the Atlantic cables and wireless services break down through congestion, when the Stock Exchange just avoids a panic and demands an immediate rise in Bank rate—that "the limits of insular socialism" have been reached. But the City is sporting enough to give Mr. Snowden a fair hearing. The Stock Exchange is even betting on the maintenance of the silk duties (it is not so sure about motor vehicles), and has staged a recovery in Courtaulds and British Celanese shares. If, however, the duties are removed, Snia Viscosa shares should logically attract some attention, for this Italian producer would then be able to dump its surplus supplies in this country. The 1929 report of Snia Viscosa, which has just been published, is evidence of the deplorable condition of the artificial silk industry. These were the results as compared with 1928:—

	1928.	1929.
Gross Profit	L99,680,812	L47,666,133
Expenses	27,451,914	12,658,471
Net Profit	72,228,898	35,007,662
Depreciation of plant ...	35,228,898	33,883,389
Balance	37,000,000*	1,124,272

* Applied to writing down shares and investments.

But this is past history. Snia Viscosa starts the New Year with the resignation of Mr. R. Gualino from the Presidency and Board of Directors and with a greatly improved liquid position. The balance-sheet shows a reduction in stocks of about 25 million lire, and a surplus of current assets over current liabilities of 257 million lire. But the day of big profits in the artificial silk industry, as the directors wisely remark, is past.

Australia is engaged in a desperate fight to preserve her credit abroad. We question whether it is not too late. Her credit is so shrunk that she would find it difficult to raise a loan in London at the present time even if she offered exceptionally favourable terms. Moreover, the latest manoeuvres of her Government, which run counter to economic reason, are not calculated to improve her credit in the long run. Mr. Scullin's administration, in order to redress the adverse balance of trade, has decided to prohibit the imports of certain goods altogether (ranging from agricultural machinery to laundry blue), to limit the imports of others (these include drinks, tobacco, and locomotives) to 50 per cent. of the quantities imported in the year to March, 1930, and to increase the tariffs on others by a 50 per cent. sur-tax (these include almost everything from motor-cars to nail-brushes). These emergency measures are expected to reduce imports by between £15 and £20 million (and the Customs revenue by £5 million). Now the troubles of Australia are twofold: first, the temporary upset to her export trade caused by a fall over the past twelve months of 13 per cent. in the price of wheat and 40 per cent. in the price of wool, secondly, the disabling of her productive industries in general by the rise in production costs, which in turn has been caused by over-borrowing and the maintenance of a higher standard of living than the country can afford. Mr. Scullin's emergency measures can cure neither trouble.

Economic experience has convinced everyone except Australians that an increase in protective tariffs tends to raise internal prices and production costs, and so to handicap the export industries which have to sell their products in an unprotected world market. Mr. Scullin's Government—anticipating this objection—has obtained a promise from the manufacturers of agricultural implements

that they will reduce their prices by 5 per cent. Other manufacturers are being asked to give assurances that prices will not be raised. But neither Government nor manufacturers can prevent for long the operation of economic laws. To prohibit imports or impose prohibitive tariffs does not stop a human soul craving for the satisfaction of a want, and what a man wants badly he will pay any price to secure. Prices in Australia in the end must rise, if Mr. Scullin carries through these extraordinary measures, and the difficulties of Australian producers will be worse than before. Seeing that Australian debts abroad cannot be repaid except by the export of goods, Mr. Scullin's panic legislation is therefore calculated to defeat its very aim. Incidentally, it will hurt the British export trade at a very critical time. We suspect that Mr. Thomas would rather see Australia default on its debt interest than that Mr. Scullin should upset both the Australian export trade and our own.

Two industries have not waited for consumption to revive under the stimulus of cheap money but have attempted a lightning cure of the disease of over-production by concerted restriction of output. These industries are tin and oil. There is much to be said for agreeing with one's adversary quickly while he is in the way, but the success of restriction schemes generally depends upon getting at least 90 per cent. of the world producers to abide by the restriction programme. The British Tin Producers' Association claim to have secured the agreement to varying degrees of restriction of all the British producers in the Straits and Nigeria, all the producers in Bolivia, the Dutch East India Government, and the Dutch Billiton Company, which are responsible for about 75 per cent. of the world's tin production. By these agreements they hope to bring down the world output by over 25,000 tons, which should more than make up for the excess of supply of 6,500 tons last year, and any falling off in consumption this year. The weakness of this restriction scheme is that it leaves out the Chinese and native production, but it is argued that the prevailing low price of tin (£168½ a ton) is driving many of the native mines out of existence.

The oil industry is really putting restriction into practice in the United States, which last year accounted for 68 per cent. of the world's output and handled 80 per cent. of the world's oil trade. So successful has the restriction campaign been carried through in California and Oklahoma that the output of the whole of the United States has fallen to 2,514,200 barrels a day. Imports bring the daily new supply to 2,810,000 barrels a day. Last year the total American domestic consumption and export of oil amounted to 2,870,359 barrels a day. If the American oil industry can keep it up, restriction of this order will quickly bring about an equilibrium between demand and supply. Outside America the Royal Dutch-Shell group, the Anglo-Persian, and the Burma Oil are virtually restricting, so that only Venezuela and Russia, which account for 9 per cent. and 7 per cent. of the world's output, remain out of the restriction scheme. The Royal Dutch-Shell group has offered to restrict its output in Venezuela if the three other groups will follow suit, but the Standard Oil of Indiana and the Gulf Oil have shown no indication of falling in with any self-denying ordinance. Here is one weakness of the restrictionist front. Another is the notorious unwillingness of the American oil producers to abide by any restriction scheme as soon as the refineries begin to ask for more crude oil. At the moment the big refiners have agreed to curtail their output of gasoline by one-seventh, which is a drastic measure that gives the restriction policy a fair chance of success. Incidentally, the price-cutting war in the East between the Royal Dutch-Shell group and the Standard Oil, was, we hear, settled by Sir Henri Deterding before he left to attend an oil lunch in San Francisco.

COMPANY MEETING.

APOLLINARIS & JOHANNIS, LTD.

The thirty-third Ordinary General Meeting of Apollinaris and Johannis, Ltd., was held yesterday at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. Alfred R. Holland, Chairman of the Company, said it would be misleading to compare the figures with those of the last Accounts which had been for nine months only.

FURTHER INCREASE IN PROFITS

A comparison with the last complete twelve months to March 31st, 1928, showed an increased profit of £3,300, and as the amount carried forward was £96,829, after deduction of the amounts as set out in the Report, it was evident that steady progress was being made, and that the results of the past year were the best that had been attained since the Company resumed business after the War.

HANDICAP OF PROTECTIVE DUTIES

He had at previous Meetings referred to the manner in which the development of the Apollinaris export trade had been handicapped by the high duties imposed in South America; unfortunately during the past year many other countries had increased their tariffs.

PRESTA A SUCCESS—A SECOND FACTORY TO BE BUILT

In these circumstances the starting of a business in Aerated Waters, sold under the name of Presta, had been a wise step to take, and in view of the success already obtained, the Board had decided to extend their activities in this direction. A very suitable property had recently been acquired, and it was hoped shortly to commence operations in the North with a second Model Factory to produce Presta Aerated Waters. He trusted that the steady progress shown by the Accounts would encourage Shareholders to share the confidence which the Directors had in the future of the business.

The Managing Director, Mr. F. J. Schilling, referred to the setback caused by the financial crisis in the States in October last. Reports from the Agency in New York asserted confidently that the latter was only of a temporary nature, and he was hopeful therefore that the current year would show satisfactory results.

The Report and Accounts were adopted unanimously, and the Dividend being declared, the proceedings closed with votes of thanks to the Staff and the Chairman.

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Brynmawr and Clydach Valley Industries, Ltd., has been registered as a Public Utility Society (pursuant to the Industrial Utility and Provident Societies Act, 1893-1928) as an attempt at reconstruction by the starting and financing of industries which may give work to unemployed miners and others in the neighbourhood, which is the centre of one of the most derelict areas in the Welsh Coalfields.

DEVELOPING INDUSTRIES AND PROVIDING EMPLOYMENT

The first of these Industries—a Bootmaking Society—has been working four months. With a Capital of only £500 it is paying its way and providing employment for fourteen people.

A careful detailed survey of the district is being made with the co-operation of the Agricultural and Geographical Departments of the University of Wales, Leplay House, the Horace Plunkett Foundation, the Co-operative Productive Federation, Ltd., and similar agencies.

OTHER INDUSTRIES CAN BE STARTED AS CAPITAL IS AVAILABLE

A Furniture-Making Industry is being developed, and other plans include stocking-making, road-making, small-holdings, hard and soft fruit, vegetable culture and poultry husbandry, etc.



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Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on before Saturday, April 20th, 1930.

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EDWIN DREW, Registrar.

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F. R. PASCOE,

Secretary for Education.

Education Department,
County Hall, Truro.
April 7th, 1930.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for University Readerships in (i) Economics with special reference to Banking and Currency, (ii) Economics with special reference to Industrial Organization, and (iii) International History, tenable at the London School of Economics. Initial salary in each case £350 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on May 1st, 1930, by the Academic Registrar, University of London, S.W.7, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

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Town Hall,

Croydon.

April 1st, 1930.

JOHN M. NEWMHAM, Town Clerk.

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